

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED



NOVEMBER 23, 1959

America's National Sports Weekly

25 CENTS

EARLY POWDER AT ALTA, UTAH

THE 1960 SKI SEASON

OLYMPIC BOOM IN THE SIERRA
SKI FASHIONS AT SQUAW VALLEY
BEST OF U.S. AND EUROPEAN EQUIPMENT

PREVIEW

ROBERT BRUCE

Like the sweaters shown of 100% "Orlon" in a wide range of styles and colors. About \$10.95, at fine stores everywhere.



Photographed at Squaw Valley, California, site of the 1960 Winter Olympics.

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GREASE**

...prevents dryness, too.

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Justen International Sports Club ski expert and chronicographer Warren Miller and his lady, Mrs. Joe Miller, after a successful Justen After-Ski Session at Squaw Valley.

First look at good form for Squaw Valley

The ski world's flair for style always pitches the fashion note for sportsmen. This season, more than ever. For what's seen at Squaw Valley will have international repercussions. Here are the fast and the fashionable, to compete and compare against the high Sierra backdrop of the VIII Winter Olympics. What will they wear? For the U. S. Team, the Olympic Committee chose

these coordinated after-ski sweaters (and the actual competition sweater) by Justen. Expert Warren Miller approved the cut and the comfort of these coordinated cardigans. As you can see, they're a bulky textured knit with shawl collar and raglan sleeve. 100% wool, the colors are red, white and navy. \$29.95 for his or hers, whether you ski or just go to rest, at better stores everywhere.

SPORTSWEAR FOR SPORTSMEN
(and women too)

Justen

Justen Inc. • Portland 5, Oregon

Cover: Powder at Alta ▶

For some time the trend of skiing has been westward. In 1959-60 it goes all the way, from Alta's light powder to the High Sierras. The annual ski preview begins on page 74.

Photograph by Ray Johnson

Next week



▶ A report on the country's finest outlaws in action during the national field trial stake to be held November 19-22 at Harrell's Trapshooting Club near Reno, Nevada.

▶ The shortening, introduced to skiers by *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* in 1957, has been refined and simplified. In two parts, Willy Schaeffer tells the secrets of *Sprengschnee*.

▶ U.S. football pools are pretty primitive compared to the Littlewoods of Britain, which says off as much as 1576,575. Early Hahn, author, critic—and bettor—describes it.

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elegant black-and-gold container—
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LANVIN

MEMO from the publisher

A NEW ENGLAND fall day, as any poet, peasant or peasant well knows, can be a bright, brisk invitation to move into the open, breathe air and satisfaction in equal parts, wonder at the fields and sky and, all in all, relish the world and its works.

But this was not the day. This was a day of wind and icy rain, the kind to give Pilgrims pause, challenge an Alsatian williwaw or even drive a man to drink.

At home in Connecticut I took the easy way out—in, I poked the fire and sat down with a big and beautiful book. The jacket read, "An adventure into the beckoning worlds of natural America," and on this unbeckoning afternoon it was a pleasure to open to the pages in which our Nature Editor, John O'Reilly, introduces the 35,940 words he has written and more than 350 color photographs he has selected for the *Sports Illustrated Book of the Outdoors*, published this week by The Ridge Press (\$12.50).

"What was once," O'Reilly writes, "the province principally of the near-professional sportsman and athlete is now the park and playground of amateurs who simply wish to get out from under a roof and into the light, air, and space of a richly endowed land."

"This book is for and about these amateurs. It is *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's* record of the many pleasures and enthusiasms they are discovering for themselves. . . .



"Each of the many outdoor activities now available to us offers a handsome dividend in terms of skill or knowledge. Each of us who casts more accurately, negotiates the steeper slope, identifies an alien wasabi or a new bird, rides the livelier horse, or comes about without losing headway, has gained in the process, is henceforward something more than he was."

"Go out of doors and see," O'Reilly finally commands.

"Not today?" I said, and went on to turn the pages, negotiate the steeper slope, come about without losing headway—and I gained in the process.

With the *Sports Illustrated Book of the Outdoors*, it was hard not to.

Arthur Murphy

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CHARLIE HOLL, MANAGER
BOYNE FALLS, MICH.
PHONE 30

SKI SCHEDULE

The leading championships and meets, January through March

JANUARY

- 1 Snowflake Jumping Meet, men, Westby, Wis.
- 2 Michigan Tech. Cross-country, men, Houghton, Mich.
- 26 Eau Claire Jumping Meet, men, Eau Claire, Wis.
- 28 Kandahar Jumping Meet, men, Detroit.
- 31 Duluth Alpine and Cross-country, men, Duluth, Minn.
- 31 NATIONAL 13-KM. CROSS-COUNTRY, Aspen, Colo.
- 31 Duluth Jumping Meet, men, Duluth, Minn.
- 31 Duluth (Class B) Divisional Championships, jumping, Duluth, Minn.
- 31 Norge Jumping Meet, men, Fox River Grove, Ill.



DUO WERNER struggled to clean sweep all four National Alpine titles in 1958.

- 21-24 OLYMPIC JUMPING TRY-OUTS and ISHPFEMING INTERNATIONAL JUMPING, Ishpeming, Mich.
- 21-24 Caberline Junior Alpine, downhill and slalom, boys and girls, Cadillac, Mich.
- 31 Michigan Tech. Alpine, downhill and slalom, Houghton, Mich.
- 31 Racine Jumping Meet, men, Racine, Wis.
- 28-31 NATIONAL ALPINE DOWNHILL, SLALOM AND GIANT



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Advertising revenues up 200%
in four years



SLALOM, Alta and Brighton, Utah.

20 NATIONAL JUMPING, Iron Mountain, Mich.

21 KIWANIS INTERNATIONAL JUMPING, Iron Mountain, Mich.

FEBRUARY

5-6 NATIONAL NORDIC COMBINED, Steamboat Springs, Colo.



CHRISTIAN PRAVDA is defending champion in men's division of Hartman Cup.

5-7 ROCH CUP, Aspen, Colo.

8 Caberfee Cross-country, men, Cadillac, Mich.

6-7 Black Mountain Junior Alpine Regional Championships, downhill and slalom, boys and girls, Cheboygan, Mich.

6-7 Pine Mountain Junior Alpine Regional Championships, downhill and slalom, boys-girls, Iron Mountain, Mich.

4-5 Fergus Junior Alpine Championships, downhill and slalom, boys and girls, Fergus Falls, Minn.

7 Briar Hill Jumping Meet, Cross-country and Combined, Mesick, Mich.

9 St. Paul Divisional Championships, jumping, men, St. Paul, Minn.

24 Minneapolis Jumping Meet, men, Minneapolis, Minn.

24 Blackhawk Jumping Meet, men, Madison, Wis.

10-20 VIII OLYMPIC WINTER GAMES, Squaw Valley, Calif.

20-21 Copper Country Junior Alpine Divisional Championships, downhill and slalom, boys and girls, Houghton, Mich.

22 Glenwood Jumping Meet, men, Glenwood, Minn.

continued



WHY WAIT FOR SUMMER?

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SCHEDULES continue

- 21 Iola Winter Sports, jumping, Iola, Wis.
- 28 Black Mountain Alpine, downhill and slalom, Cheboygan, Mich.

HARSH

- 4 HARRIMAN CUP, San Valley, Idaho.



PATZI PRANDL holds the women's Harriman Cup downhill and combined titles.

- 4 Itasca Ski and Outing Club, jumping meet, Cederburg, Minn.
- 12-17 Ishpeming Junior National Championships, jumping and cross-country, boys and girls, Ishpeming, Mich.
- 18 Goebie Range Jumping Meet, men, Ironwood, Mich.
- 17-18 NATIONAL JUNIOR ALPINE, Aspen, Colo.
- 19-20 NATIONAL VETERAN DOWNHILL & SLALOM, Taos, N. Mex.
- 21-27 NCAA CHAMPIONSHIPS, Bozeman, Mont.

END



GARY MCGUFF won the National Junior Alpine combined championship last year.

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OLIN J. STEPHENS III, designer of victorious America's Cup defense, or Columbia, received David W. Taylor Medal, highest award of Society of Naval Architects and Marine Engineers, for his "outstanding achievement."



RYAN DAVIES, 12, youngest member of English pony team, was off to fine start in realizing ambition to become a show jumper when she and team won first prize at National Horse Show in New York.



DALLAS CARVER, 20-year-old junior left-hander from Marietta College, carried ball 28 times to get new single-game collegiate rushing record of 225 yards when his team defeated Washington & Jefferson 55 to 0.



WILLIE FORD, 25, Chicago White Sox second baseman, was named Most Valuable Player of American League. For batted 285 this season, pushed lifetime hit to 1,902, among active players second only to Ted Williams.



FRANK ARR, of Fabon, N.Y., who last year won Grand National Grosser championship with his pointer Vigorosa, won this year's titrated Wilfordale Forest in Ipswich, Mass., with Vigorosa's older sister, Dan's Girl B.



JAY WHITCOMB, 17, Stovena H.S. quarter-back right, wins 10 male state playoffs and son of Oklahoma U. Coach Bud Whitcomb, disappointed Sooners fans by deciding it will be best not to go to Oklahoma.



ALF PIKE, 42, hockey player for New York Rangers when they won their last Stanley Cup (1956), for past three seasons coach of Winstang Warriors, was named to replace aging Roger Clark Phil Watson.



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FOOTBALL'S 9TH WEEK

by MERVIN HYMAN

As the college football season draws to a close there is little order in the post-season bowl picture. Syracuse will go to the Cotton Bowl, but beyond that all is confusion. Here are the best games.

Cotton: Syracuse vs. Texas; Rose: Washington vs. Wisconsin; Sugar: LSU vs. Mississippi; Orange: Kansas or Mis-

souri. The only game that was a sure thing was the Orange Bowl. Quarterback Tom Riddle, who completed all eight of his passes for 106 yards and one touchdown, scored another himself, kicked two extra points and passed for two more.

For, staying on the ground, the new Notre Dame 26-13; Navy regrouped its laboring forces to defeat George Washing-

ton 27-10. The only game that was a sure thing was the Orange Bowl. Quarterback Dale Betty passing to three touchdowns and Earl Vane Scott passing for four touchdowns to upset Clemson 28-25. Wake Forest unexpectedly bowed to Duke 27-15.

Alabama trampled past Kentucky 56-7 on Fred Stringer's 40-yard field goal; Fran Curran had another magnificent night as Miami romped over South Carolina 26-6; VMI turned The Citadel into disorderly retreat, winning by 32-8; and Virginia Tech gave West Virginia another push down road, 12-9, to take over the Southern Conference lead. The top three:

1. ALABAMA (10-1)
2. MICHIGAN (9-1)
3. GEORGIA (8-1)

THE MIDWEST

Perhaps this State's Woody Hayes, who lost another one to Iowa 16-7, was right when he said, "If these Big Ten teams don't quit getting beat, nobody will win up in the first division." To prove his point, Illinois caught Wisconsin in the final seconds and upset the Badgers 9-6 on page 24, while Michigan State turned back Northwestern 18-16 to create a three-way tie for first place.

Michigan State stacked its defenses to stop Northwestern's Ben Barton. Quarterback Dean Luck did the rest, completing seven out of seven passes and plunging over for the winning touchdown. In other games, Purdue outlasted Minnesota 27-24; Indiana's Ted Stank led the Hoosiers past Michigan 38-7.

Joe Caldwell, flinging the ball as never before (21 for 42 and 297 yards), did his best to keep Army in the ball game, but the fumbling Cadets played into Oklahoma's eager hands and lost 26-20.

In a battle between unknown teams, Bowling Green rattled Delaware's wing



BACK OF THE WEEK: Stanford's Skip Fane ran Oregon State flank, scored three TDs, kicked a field goal, four extra points, ran for 160 yards for 27 points.



LINEMAN OF THE WEEK: Georgia Guard Pat Dye exemplified Bulldogs' tenacity with hard tackles, then alertly grabbed Auburn fumble to set up winning score.

scored vs. Penn State or Georgia; Gator: Here the situation is crystal-clear. The Gator logs simply sit back and happily take what is left over.

THE EAST

Neither bleak clouds nor steady rains nor outrageous Colgate could stay the majestic motion of the Syracuse attack. When it was over, the men from Syracuse led 71-0 and the Red Raiders had yet to stage a fumble. Confident of their ground marauders, the Orangemen decided to test their aerial weapons. Quarterbacks Dave Barone and Dick Easberry and Halfback Mark Weber tossed 46 touchdowns passes. In all, Syracuse rolled up 697 yards (308 on passes) and 27 first downs.

Penn State, 100, stomped on its foe, trouncing Holy Cross 45-0. Once again, Quarterback Richie Lucas, running and passing superbly, led Nittany to glory. His 214 yards gained set a school mark for total yardage in one year.

Penn. actually intercepted Colgate's leading back and sent him back to the 24-6 to edge closer to the Ivy League title. However, Dartmouth was still in contention after Quarterback Bill Gandy's three touchdowns passed him. Cornell 21-12. Brown eliminated Harvard 16-6.

Tale, hungry for revenge for last year's bitterness 50-14 beating, made Princeton pay for its transgression 38-20. Most

son 16-8; Boston U. shocked Boston College 26-7. The top three:

1. SYRACUSE (10-1)
2. PENN STATE (8-1)
3. PENN (8-0-1)

THE SOUTH

Written off as just another also-ran by pessimistic predictors, Georgia emerged from comparative obscurity to raise past Auburn 24-18 and win its first SEC title in 11 years. With 38 seconds left, the Bulldogs tied the score on Fran Tarkenton's 13-yard pass to Earl Bill Brown. They won on Darwood Pennington's extra point.

Trainers, bruised and aching after his upset of LSU, was no match for Mississippi and bowed 37-7. Ole Miss Coach Johnny Vaughn shrewdly guessed that the Vols had a soft spot in the inner line and Fullback Charley Flowers, crumbling and crashing away behind his blockers, personally proved the worth of Vaughn's hunch with 188 yards gained up the middle. Two touchdowns passing. Quarterback Dave Tiddle helped, too.

Released last had the answer when Mississippi State charged down on Billy Cannon's power thrusts. Quarterback Darrel Mathews, substiting for injured Warren Halls, simply passed to Johnny Robinson for two touchdowns. The Tigers won 27-6.

Couch Tom Nugent decided it would be futile to try to dent the grueling

9TH WEEK LEADERS

(NCAA Division I)

SCORING	TO	BY	POINTS
Nolan Jones, Arizona State	18	23	2
Ray Davis, Stanford	18	23	2
Ed Brown, Cincinnati	14	0	84
RECEIVING	Y	TD	AVG.
Tom Watkins, Iowa State	139	7	5.6
Dwight Nichols, Iowa State	125	7	5.5
Alvin Rayne, N. Texas State	100	6	5.5
PASSING	Y	TD	AVG.
Dick Norman, Stanford	223	11	2.5
Jack Lee, Cincinnati	201	10	2.5
Pete Hall, Marquette	211	12	1.8
TOTAL OFFENSE	Y	TD	AVG.
Frank Nuyens, Michigan	594	1	1.82
Pete Hall, Marquette	455	1	1.81
Donny D. Edwards	227	1	1.57
TEAM TEAM OFFENSE	POINTS	YDS.	GAMES
Syracuse	608	3,549	414
Love	771	3,779	399
Mississippi	649	2,239	365
TEAM TEAM DEFENSE	POINTS	YDS.	GAMES
Michigan	282	2,760	369
LSU	463	1,265	144
Mississippi	467	1,357	153



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FOOTBALL'S WEEK continued

T and Bobby Colburn passed the Easterners easily 38-8; Texas spotted North Texas State's perfect record 17-6. Top three:

1. WISCONSIN (9-0)
2. MICHIGAN STATE (9-0)
3. NORTHWESTERN (8-1)

THE SOUTHWEST

Unbeaten Texas got off to a 9-0 lead, but TCU's bulky linemen settled down to business. Fullback Jack Spikes led the surge



NEW FACES OF THE WEEK: Arkansas' Lance Alworth (left) wriggled for 13-yard touchdowns, ran for two points to beat SMU; Minnesota End Tom Hall pulled down also passes on offense, numerous fcs on defense, but Purdue won 29-23.

that brought the Frogs their first touchdowns. Then feet Harry Mereland broke away for 56 yards and a 14-9 TCU win.

Arkansas, trailing 14-7, found a way to contain SMU's Don Meredith in the second half and used the running of Lance Alworth and Joe Paul Alberry to beat the Mustangs 17-14. The reward: a share of the Southwest Conference championship.

Wyoming's Jim Wadkin and Dick Hamilton teamed up on a 75-yard touchdown pass to overtake New Mexico 25-20 and held the Skyline Lead. The top three:

1. TCU (9-0)
2. TEXAS (9-0)
3. ARKANSAS (7-2)

THE WEST

It was a happy weekend in Los Angeles. UCLA got the ball rolling Friday night, beating North Carolina State 21-18. The next day, undefeated USC's leading linemen, led by the irresistible McKevvers, Martin and Mike, held Baylor to three yards rushing to help USC win 17-8.

Oregon, involved in another down-to-the-wire thriller, edged Washington State 7-6 on Willie West's two-yard end zone and Roger Daniels' placement, while Washington concentrated on power shots inside the tackles to trap California 20-8.

Unpredictable Stanford, often stilled but rarely dull, had one of its good days and outscored Oregon State 39-22. Richie Mayo's scrupulously accurate passes had Air Force flying high, but they needed a down-to-earth goal-line stand to hold off Arizona 22-14. The top three:

1. USC (9-0)
2. WASHINGTON (8-0)
3. OREGON (8-1)

RED GRANGE PREDICTS

Boston U. vs. Syracuse

That Syracuse power is enough to frighten anybody, and the Orangemen want to look good on the way to the Cotton Bowl. This is just too much football team for Boston U. SYRACUSE.

Pitt vs. Penn State

I doubt that the Pitt line can stop Rickie Lucas and Penn State. The Nittany Lions are eager to improve and will be at their best. PENN STATE.

Yale vs. Harvard

The Big Three title is at stake, and Yale's Tom Singleton, operating behind the tenacious Eli line, will excite Harvard's Charlie Ravenel. IT'll pick YALE.

Miami vs. Michigan State

Both have picked up momentum lately, and Miami's Fran Curd and State's Dean Look will make it a passing duel. However, the Spartans are stronger in the line. MICHIGAN STATE.

Clemson vs. Wake Forest

Clemson had its letdown against Maryland, and this game may decide the Atlantic Coast title. Wake Forest's defense has been spotty and may not be able to contain Harvey White. CLEMSON.

Illinois vs. Northwestern

This is Coach Ray Eliot's last game, and he will have the Illini fired up. Northwestern has been making too many mistakes, and I have a hunch the Illini line will handle Rex Burten. ILLINOIS.

USC vs. UCLA

A West Coast natural between two good defensive teams. But UCLA lacks a passer, and the powerful USC line can concentrate on the runners. USC.

Washington vs. Washington State

Washington is just too big, too fast and too numerous for State. Quarterback Bob Schloredt gives the Huskies the better offense. WASHINGTON.

Oregon vs. Oregon State

Oregon State hasn't looked good against wide stuff, and Oregon's Willie West loves to run the ends. State can't match Dave Grom's passing, either. OREGON.

Baylor vs. SMU

Don Meredith constitutes as one of the nation's best quarterbacks, but passing alone doesn't win games. Baylor has improved, and I feel one of these Southwest Conference upsets is in the making. BAYLOR.

LAST WEEK'S PREDICTIONS:
3 RIGHT, 5 WRONG
SECOND TO DATE 30-17-0



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Mountainous, forested, 10,000 ft.
Vegetation: spruce, fir, aspen
• Native Dancer from a "DRC" Musical •
• Oregon 2004 at Oregon
• First Stage at Pittsburgh, Spine Network •
• Manager of 3,000
• Pittsburgh, PA, USA
• Theater at 3-5
• U.S.A. at 1-30
• Washington State at Washington,
• Manager at 20,000
• New York office, "DRC" •

• **Alister Golf Assoc., Maxwell vs. Palmer, Las Vegas, Nev., 3 p.m. (in each time zone) APT**

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Sunday, November 22

● St. Louis at University, 2 vols. (NBT).
New York: Oxford Univ. Press.

[illegible]

World Championship Golf course, Tremont vs. Hazenfield, Carmel, Calif., 1938 vs. NCI

Figure 2
Flyover Elimination Match, 1' 30" vs. 30 seconds,
1-10 seconds

Mosina, November 21

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• *Journal of Management Education*, 32(4) August 2008

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GRIMLY INTENT PAUL BROWN HEARS POSSIBLE SCOUTS BEFORE CALLING PLAY

WHY

Those Browns—Cleveland, Paul and Jim—are headed for the Eastern pro football title on defense and an attack wise in the use of diversity

by **TEX MAULE**

WHEN the Washington Redskins stopped Cleveland's Jim Brown last Sunday, they proved rather clearly why the Browns will win the Eastern Conference championship in the National Football League. While the Redskins were gang-tackling Brown on nearly every play, Cleveland's fine halfback, Bobby Mitchell, skittered like a frightened water bug through the weakened Washington defense. He gained 232 yards in 14 carries, scored three touchdowns and showed that Cleveland's is a many-splendored attack, no longer pegged exclusively on the running of Jim Brown. Cleveland defeated Washington 31-27 and moved into a tie for first place in the East with the New York Giants, who lost to the Pittsburgh Steelers 14-3.

The Giant-Pittsburgh game pointed up the other reason why Cleveland will be Eastern Conference champions. Each club in the National Football League is made up essentially of two football teams—an offensive unit and a defensive one. The Giant defensive team is probably a shade better than Cleveland's. But the Browns offensive team is far superior to the Giants. In their last two games the Giants have not managed a touchdown; this is no disgrace against the very strong, intelligent defense of the Pittsburgh Steelers, but a week ago Sunday the Giants could not cross the goal line of the Chicago Cardinals, who are resting comfortably in last place in the East, having given up 183 points in eight games.

"Your defense can't carry you forever," Coach Jim Lee Howell said after the Pittsburgh loss. "You have

THE BROWNS WILL WIN

to put 7 on the scoreboard once in a while to win."

Jim Brown, of course, is still a big part of the admirably balanced Cleveland offense, but he is only a part. Early in the year he comprised the Brown attack. He is still the best running back in football—big, very fast and incredibly well balanced when he runs. No longer, though, can a team designate most of its defense to stopping Brown; Washington did and found itself winning a battle but losing a war.

The pattern of what was about to happen for the rest of the afternoon was set in Cleveland's first series of downs from scrimmage. Milt Plum pitched out to Brown, and the entire Redskins defense fell on him for a three-yard loss. On the next play Plum faked to Brown, pitched out to Mitchell, and the halfback went 30 yards to a touchdown.

But the added threat of Mitchell outside would not in itself make the Cleveland offense the deadly weapon it has become. A great deal of the credit goes to Milt Plum, and even more to the man who has been the Cleveland Browns since the team's inception in 1946—small, balding, in-

terior Paul Brown, the head coach and general manager of the team. Brown is a brilliant football strategist but, more important, he is a patient man. It took all of his patience to wait while Plum learned the intricacies of the pro quarterback's trade.

"He is a young man," Brown said recently. "He had a good deal to learn. But he is learning it." One of the lessons which Plum has mastered is the art of waiting. This is not as easy as it sounds, since it is natural for a quarterback, in imminent danger of being demolished, to throw too quickly.

"The other day Plum showed how well he has assimilated this lesson," Brown said. "He dropped back to pass, and his primary receiver was covered. He looked for the next receiver, and he was covered. Finally, he threw to Billy Howson, the third man, and connected. Our patterns are designed so that the successive receivers will break open at two, four and six seconds. Plum a year ago might have seen the second receiver, but he would never have waited for the third."

Plum, too, has corrected some of the very small faults which can mean

the difference between good and great quarterbacks. The nearly imperceptible head and eye fakes which help the league's best quarterbacks come naturally to him now. Plum used to drop back to pass with the ball held at waist level and then lose a precious fraction of a second in cocking his arm. Now he carries the ball at shoulder level, in position to pass instantly.

"I feel a lot more confident this year," Plum says. "For one thing, I've got three good receivers in Renfro, Howson and Preston Carpenter. Last year I had only Renfro and Carpenter. And by now I can anticipate their moves and throw to where they will be. Last year I had to wait until they actually made the move. I'm getting better protection, too. Last year the blocking was set up to open holes for Brown, and it seemed that whenever I called a pass there was no blocking at all."

Since Paul Brown calls all of the Cleveland offensive plays by way of messenger guards who shuttle in and out of the game, tactical brilliance is not required of Plum. Brown has all that's necessary.

In 1955, when Cleveland beat the

continued

SHORTLY BOBBY WITHELL (48) FOLLOWS BLOCK BY GEORGE JORDAY (SMITH 184) ON TOUCHDOWN RUN AGAINST WASHINGTON



Los Angeles Rams for the world championship, Brown used a double-wing attack for one of the few times that year. He had noticed that a Ram opponent during the regular season had used the double wing unsuccessfully and reasoned that the Ram coaching staff would not revise the defense which had worked so well for them that day, especially since the Ram coaches would not expect the Browns to use it often. He analyzed the Ram defense, used the double wing often, and Cleveland won 38-14.

Brown, who is one of the best analysts in football, is resourceful enough to change his offense to suit the occasion as it develops during the game, too. Equipped now with all the tools which make up an attack—good running inside from Jim Brown, outside from Mitchell, accurate passing from Plam to three good receivers—Brown can mount the offense that is the most difficult in the league to stop. It should get better as the season wears on.

"I think this team is only beginning to approach its potential," Brown said the other day. "It is a young team, which will mature. We won't be drafting any quarterbacks this year. Plam has done well. We could have scouted around looking for another quarterback before this season, but I decided to take a leaf from a book called *Arms of Destruction* by Russell H. Conwell. You remember. It's a story about some brothers. One of them goes off to Africa looking for his fortune, and another wanders all over the world, and the third one stays home, looks over what he's got and succeeds. That's what we did. We looked over what we had, and it paid off."

Just before the game with Washington someone asked Brown if he weren't afraid that he was watching the Redskins in a hot streak.

"We never catch a team that isn't hot," he said. "They're all souped up for us. It's reached the point where they call a time-out on the first play after the kickoff to wipe away the team. And then away we go."

Brown did a notable job in rebuilding the Cleveland defense this year. He took Sid Youngelman, a castoff tackle from Philadelphia, and Willie McClung, who is in his second year with the Browns after being cut by the Steelers, and gave them the responsibility for manning the middle of the line. This freed Bob Gain, an

entirely tackle who because of his size would be more effective as a defensive end. Gain this year is one of the best defensive ends in the league. The only unit which Brown has retained intact from the 1958 team is the linebackers—Walt Michaels, Vince Costello and Galen Fua—a trio which is the equal of the more widely heralded New York Giant linebackers. He has a rookie—Bernie Parrish—in the secondary with a pee sophomore (Jim Shofner) and two old heads, Warren Lahr and Junior Wren. The Cleveland defense gives up short yardage fairly readily, but it does not give up points. Discussing defense last week, Brown stopped a friend sharply when he heard him say the Giants were leading the league in defense.

"On what basis?" he asked. "How are you figuring it?"

"Total yardage allowed."

"That doesn't count," Brown said. "It's what goes up on the scoreboard against you. That's what counts."

After Sunday's games, the Browns had allowed 103 points to eight opponents. Only San Francisco, with 102 points scored against it, leads the

X-RAY OF LAST WEEK'S GAMES

	Pts.	Yds. Rush.	Yds. Pass.	Pts. Comp.
Bears vs. 49ers	14	215	147	13-19
	3	82	181	18-35
Steelers vs. Giants	18	155	167	15-31
	9	78	125	7-24
Colts vs. Packers	38	187	217	25-34
	34	218	230	14-49
Browns vs. Redskins	30	218	154	17-25
	17	255	98	7-17
Eagles vs. Cardinals	37	159	218	19-27
	17	129	52	6-15
Lions vs. Rams	23	125	87	6-14
	17	87	226	16-28

LEAGUE STANDINGS

EASTERN CONFERENCE

	Won	Lost	Tied	Pct.
Cleveland	6	2	0	.750
New York	6	2	0	.750
Philadelphia	5	3	0	.625
Pittsburgh	3	4	1	.429
Washington	2	5	0	.286
Chicago Cardinals	2	6	0	.250

WESTERN CONFERENCE

	Won	Lost	Tied	Pct.
San Francisco	6	2	0	.750
Baltimore	5	3	0	.625
Chicago Bears	4	4	0	.500
Green Bay	3	5	0	.375
Detroit	2	5	1	.286
Los Angeles	2	6	0	.250

Browns in this most important statistic.

The Giants had given up 118 points, but theirs is a special case since they have scored only 137, as compared with Cleveland's 295. The Giants' offense, even with their best quarterback, Charlie Conerly, is healthy, is a far less diversified weapon than is the Browns'. The Giant running backs—Frank Gifford, Alex Webster and Mel Triplett—are all power runners, with only Gifford having any potential for a long scoring burst. The Giant pass receivers—Kyle Rote, Bob Schneller and Gifford—are all sure-handed and good at getting clear but, again, they lack the speed of the Brown trio of Ray Rester, Billy Howton and Preston Carpenter. The Cleveland offense has the power to match New York's, plus speed and explosiveness that the Giants cannot equal.

The Browns, should they win the Eastern Conference title, will face a team much like themselves in the championship game. The San Francisco 49ers lost to the Chicago Bears on Sunday 14-3, when veteran Quarterback Y. A. Tittle had an off day and his substitute, John Brodie, proved unable to carry the 49er attack. The Bears played a fine game but, at 4-4, they are two games behind the 49ers, one behind Baltimore, and time has just about run out on them. The 49ers have the same ingredients as the Browns—the same multiple running threat and three-pronged passing attack and the same strong defense. They play the Baltimore Colts this Sunday. The Colts, threatened with an across-the-board \$100-per-man fine by Owner Carroll Rosenbloom should they play another "inspired" game, beat the Green Bay Packers 28-24. The championship of the West may be decided in Baltimore's stadium this Sunday and, surprisingly, the 49ers must be favored on the basis of a better defense.

Jim Lee Howell, the gracious, friendly man who coaches the Giants, summed up his team's loss to Pittsburgh: "Our defensive team was better than their offensive team," he said. "But their defensive team was far better than our offensive team, and we lost."

What he said applies even more accurately to Cleveland than to Pittsburgh. The 49ers can match the Colts on offense and, surprisingly, surpass them on defense.

END



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SOLID VIRTUE IN WISCONSIN

Illinois resisted the message and won an eleventh-hour victory at Madison, but the Badgers, heirs to stalwart tradition, still may muddle through to the Rose Bowl

by KENNETH RUDEEN

A VISITOR arriving at the University of Wisconsin last week during the bustle of preparation for the homecoming football game with Illinois was immediately struck by the solid virtues of the school and its team. It was evident that the stately campus on the south shore of Lake Mendota was permeated not only with a sense of the university's stature but also with the historic idea at the core of its achievements. Everywhere you heard about the Wisconsin Idea—a concept which originated before the turn of the century and has come to have a two-pronged meaning: first, public service and, second, freedom of thought.

To a remarkable degree the Wisconsin football Badgers have mirrored, in their own way, the fundamental virtues that the Idea bespeaks in academic terms. The university has not won its distinction in

a flashy way, and neither have the 1959 Badgers.

Starting out with the narrowest kind of victory over Stanford, Wisconsin embarked on a season of coping, persevering and muddling through. The Badgers, averaging 222 pounds on the line and 197 in the backfield, were big; they were rough and they were tough. So punishing, indeed, that an irreverent outlander dubbed them The Terrible Huns. But they lacked speed in the backfield, and the player in whom the highest hopes were placed, Quarterback Dale Hackbart, was afflicted with slow-mending knee injuries.

Stanford's damn-the-torpedoes passngator, Dick Norman, did everything but send the ball by mail in rain-drenched Camp Randall Stadium in the hectic opener. He threw for 219 yards and once even helled out a 18-yard left-handed pass when

threatened from the right. Still the Badgers prevailed.

Except in a breather with its traditional home-state opponent, Marquette, Wisconsin was never able to run up a comfortable scoring advantage. An Northwestern's star ascended, the Badgers absorbed a 21-0 walloping from Purdue and seemed to be on the brink of an abrupt decline. Then Wisconsin was the foil for Iowa's Olen Treadway and his scorching, record-breaking aerial assault that gained 364 yards. Again the granite virtues of the Badgers won the day. Ohio State grudgingly fell 12-3, and resentful Michigan, leaching its doormat role, 19-10. Hackbart led the Badgers to a close but gorgeous 24-19 triumph in Evanston over Ara Panagghian's unbeaten Northwestern team.

Now in Madison, from the summit of Observatory Hill to the foot of University Avenue, the scent of roses was circulating among the elm and oak and tamarack trees on the lake shore. The team that was solid but not showy just might muddle through, just possibly might win the right to represent the Big Ten at Pasadena, just amazingly might erase the dreadful distinction of having been the only conference invader not to win its Rose Bowl game in the current postwar series.

Last week's pregame snowfall and bitter temperatures did nothing to dispel the feeling at Madison that the Badgers would carry on against Illinois. They had played in atrocious weather all season. In his Spartan office in the stadium, the big, bluff coach, Milt Bruhn, was the embodiment of the team's homely virtues. Hackbart, emerging from his modest 1951 Chevy sedan for a visit at the stadium, telling of his soda-fountain romance and eventual marriage with his Madison sweetheart, looked as foursquare and dependable as apple pie with Wisconsin cheese.

Everyone knew that Illinois, in Ray Ellor's 16th and last season as head coach, had a typically big, bruising line and speed to spare in the backfield, that the Illini had tied the Purdue team which had thumped Wisconsin, that Illinois' record of three victories, three defeats and one tie was not as unimpressive as it

continued

COLOR OF THE WEEK: TWO BIG POINTS

Clutching the football desperately to his chest in the Wisconsin end zone, Badger Fullback Ed Hart gives up a safety but averts an Illinois touchdown by busting Ed O'Bradovich (44) and Dave Ash (52)

to this Wisconsin fumble. The bottle was almost a beer: Wisconsin moved out of danger and scored once to lead by 6-2 until the Illini finally broke through to score as the gun sounded to end the game.

Photograph by Ken Posner

appeared to be beside the Badgers' 6-1 record. Wisconsin was wary, but essentially optimistic.

The sullen, snow-laden skies of Thursday and Friday gave way on Saturday to clear, sunny—and icy—20° weather. The tarpaulins came off the field, and a bundled-up crowd of 58,828 tramped into the stadium for what was to be one of the most emotionally charged and peculiar games of any season.

They did not have to wait very long for the fireworks to begin. On Illinois' second play of the game little John Easterbrook superbly faked two hand-offs, drifted back and passed behind the deepest Wisconsin defenders to Halfback Ed O'Bradovich. The play began on the Illinois 32. O'Bradovich caught the ball at the Wisconsin 30, galloped on and then inexplicably fumbled at the 10 when in the clear. Although O'Bradovich recovered his fumble at the six, the resolute Badgers

produced one of their famous goal-line stands and got possession of the ball within the one-yard line. The second-string Wisconsin quarterback, Jim Bakken, promptly fumbled on a sneak. For less fortunate teams this might easily have meant disaster. But Fullback Ed Hart managed to cover the ball in the end zone (see page 32) to prevent an Illinois touchdown and limit the damage to a safety. For all its striving, Illinois had only a two-point lead.

Soon after his fumble Bakken made amends by intercepting a pass from Easterbrook at the Wisconsin 17. With Hackbart running for substantial gains from Bruhn's slot-T formation, Wisconsin marched—and begged down at the Illinois 14. On fourth down, with five yards to go for a first down, chunky Karl Holzwarth trotted in to try a field goal for Wisconsin. Or so everyone supposed. Hackbart knelt to receive the ball. Instead of placing it for Holzwarth's toe, he stood up, wheeled and raced

to his right. Hit at the five, he fumbled the ball forward into the end zone, where End Henry Dorseth providentially swooped down to cover it and score the Badgers' only touchdown of the day. Hackbart's running try for a two-point conversion failed.

There cannot be many things in football more dispiriting than missing out on an almost certain touchdown and seeing the enemy fumble to achieve one of its own. Illinois continued its explorations in the realm of futility and left the field at half time still behind 2-6. Then the news came of Michigan State's 15-10 upset of Northwestern, giving the Badgers a clear shot at the Rose Bowl, and the Wisconsin students' section erupted in a frenzy of pompon and balloon waving.

"On, Wisconsin!" pleaded the fans as the second half began; on marched the gallant, if bewildered, Illinois team. Early in the third quarter the Illini spurred all the way to the Wisconsin four, only to see

ALL OUT FOR A BOWL INVITATION



STEP AHEAD of an Auburn defender, Georgia's Fred Brown hurls in a 43-yard pass to help Bulldogs win Southwestern Conference title in 14-13 upset.



KNEE-DEEP in well-bowed Northwestern fans, Michigan State Halfback Herb Adderley gains five yards in second quarter at East Lansing. He later scored on a 28-yard pass. The Spartans won 13-10 and popped back into running for Rose Bowl.

BATTERING THROUGH to end game from one yard out, Mississippi Fullback Charley Flowers scores first touchdown in 37-7 rout of Tennessee. Flowers gained 168 yards in 26 carries as star-beaten Ole Miss remained high on three bowl bids.



another threat perish as the Badgers' Illinois guard, Jerry Stalcup, jarred Easterbrook loose from the ball and, temporarily, his senses.

With just five minutes left in the game, the score still 6-2 and Sophomore Mel Meyers in for the groggy Easterbrook, Illinois had the ball on its 19. A squat, bull-necked, 211-pound Illinois fullback, Bill Brown, barreled 20 yards up the middle on the first play. Alternately faking to Brown's younger brother of another damaging Illinois fullback, Jim Brown) and handing off to him, Meyers exploited to the utmost the then soft underbelly of the Badger line. He finally crossed everybody up by passing nine yards to Halfback Gary Koh at the Badger one.

Two cracks at the line were unwarding, but on third down, on a play called in the previous huddle in the race against time, Bad Bill Brown slashed off right tackle for a touchdown at the final gun. Gerry Wood, fellow Mendota, Ill. townman of the

Brown boys, kicked the conversion to make the score 9-6, and delicious Illinois students ripped down the goal posts.

Not the least of the day's paradoxes was the fact that thundering hold-the-line pleas by Wisconsin fans during the 81-yard Illinois drive contributed to the Badgers' defeat. By coolly holding up play when the din overrode his calls and receiving brief official time-outs for crowd-silencing, Meyers preserved additional precious seconds for his team's march. Well aware of the danger, Dale Hackbart and other Wisconsin men frantically gestured—in vain—for quiet.

Bill Brown frisked through a shower and hurried off to keep a date in Mendota with his home-town fiancée. Brother Jim, looking like a Madison Avenue adman with buff raincoat and furled umbrella, grinned and said, "That Wisconsin line seemed to be a little vulnerable up the middle."

It certainly did. But the homely virtues could still prevail, and Wis-

consin might yet go to Pasadena on New Year's Day. Wisconsin, Northwestern and Michigan State have identical 4-2 Big Ten records. Michigan State has completed its conference schedule—which is both a help and a hindrance to the Spartans. Should Wisconsin lose to or tie Minnesota this Saturday and Northwestern lose to or tie Illinois, Michigan State is on its way to Pasadena. But should either Wisconsin or Northwestern win, Michigan State is out. If either Wisconsin or Northwestern wins on Saturday and the other loses, the winner is automatically in. But if both win, then the Big Ten directors of athletics will vote to determine which represents the conference in the Rose Bowl. Either team might be selected, but the guess is that because of its victory over Northwestern the directors would vote for Wisconsin. On New Year's Day in California, then, either Washington or Oregon may well receive its first formal instruction in the Wisconsin loss. **END**



KNEE-HIGH DRIVE — with the goal line close, Washington Fullback Jackson's extra effort was paid off to start Rose-Bowl-minded Badgers on way to 20-0 victory. Jackson gained 10 yards for Touchdown drive.



BALLET SPIN — Jackson's flag and sliding tackle of Terry Peterson (in new lettered jacket) by TCU's Marvin Luebbe, a non-scholarship player, First Langdon, Tex., in 11-9, completed 65th Rose-Bowl points.

PASSING THROUGH — named SMU's "rattler," James Abbott (number 11) and Eric Arvad (number 10) in 17-14 win, New York played up 11th-ranked Badgers' quarter-back, Porter, here, 18-0, over 11, who was 10-0.





TRAP SHOT by Britain's James Kennedy hoisted his ball from vast, unalloyed trap.



COMPACT SWING by James Mele, 75, of Britain sent ball into seventh fairway.



DETERMINED SHOT by John Brown, 75, of U.S. met next approach to 18th green.



ANGRY CHOP by British team's T. A. Torrance, 69, came after shot into trap.



TIGHT FINISH by Britain's Rear Admiral C.H.G. Benson, 75, completed trap shot.



HANDS-HIGH FINISH by Britain's Cowan Shankland lobbed ball onto 14th green.

WONDERFUL WORLD OF SPORT

SWINGING SENIORS

EARLY THIS MONTH 48 senior golfers from Great Britain, Canada and the U.S. sharked aside their professional and business cares to cherk in at the Pine Valley Golf Club in Clementon, N.J. They ranged in age from 55 to 81, and had arrived, ostensibly, to play the 18th Seniors International Matches. Their main concern, however, was to renew old friendships, serve the cause of international good will and try their luck on the Pine Valley course, considered to be the toughest in the world. They had, all in all, a high old time.

"It doesn't matter who wins the tournament, does it?" said Andy Wilson, a Canadian in his early 60s. No, came the response, but if the seniors weren't trying to win they gave good imitations of golfers who were.

Senior golfers, who can no longer hit long, go to extreme lengths to achieve accuracy. The golf swings at Pine Valley were as colorful and various as the autumn leaves that flanked the narrow fairways. Ellis Knowles, 73, captain of the American team, and a six-time U.S. Seniors champion, squeezing his extra-long 45-inch driver in a "baseball" grip, achieved surprising control and distance with a slow but beautifully paced swing. On the other hand, Charlie Leaver, a Canadian in his late 60s, ruefully confessed: "My pro says my swing looks like a pig's tail—all curliness on the backswing."

Final score: the U.S. 35½, Britain 21½, Canada 13. But everybody was a winner. The tournament proved an agreeable tonic for the players lucky enough to take part. At Pine Valley you never saw a more junior-looking bunch of seniors in your life.

Photographs by Hans Knopf

GET TO DRIVE is Great Britain's Sir Cecil Carr, 81, with Ellis Knowles, 73, of U.S.



EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

Reason for Thanks

In his proclamation setting aside the fourth Thursday of this month as a day of national thanksgiving, President Eisenhower last week cited as reason for gratitude the fact that "the present year has been one of progress and heightened promise for the way of life to which we, the people and the government of the United States of America, are dedicated."

One strong indication of this heightened promise, said Ike, is "in the prospect of improvement of relations among men and among nations."

Nowhere in the nation was simple evidence of improvement of international relations more easily discernible than in the news of sport.

On one international front it could be learned that a famous costume West Point football star, Pete Dawkins, has become suddenly a white hope of Oxford rugby. On another, one could contemplate the pleasing mellowness of senior golfers in their 70s and 80s (years, not strokes) who had come from England and Canada to play against a team of amiable Americans (see page 56). Then there was the team of British professional golfers whose friendly feelings for the U.S. were seemingly dimmed not a

whit by the sound trouncing they got from a U.S. team in the Ryder Cup—though some of them (see page 59) lamented too much hospitality.

Maryland's Laurel race track played host to the Thoroughbreds of nine nations in the annual Washington, D.C. International, and the spirit of international amity represented by the race itself was carried even further by the presence of a French filly with an Italian name (Mi Carina), who is owned by the United States Ambassador to Britain and was ridden by an American of Italian ancestry named Annaro. Elsewhere in the honky set, plans were being made to return the courtesy call of the great French trotter Jamin (see page 55), a new U.S. track darling, by sending a brace of U.S. horses to trot against him in France; and international amity was as always the keynote in New York's great week-long National Horse Show.

A handsome young Swede with a power-packed right still dominated the U.S. heavyweight boxing scene, as a 24-year-old Briton, Dave Charnley, arrived to try for the lightweight limelight. And a famous American yacht, *Via*, will soon head south to help Australia win away America's and yachting's most coveted cup.

These instances, and many more like them, are evidence of an improvement in international amity well worthy of a nation's thankfulness, and they are in no way tarnished by an overseas triumph that put one of Mr. Eisenhower's White House predecessors in temporary eclipse. This occurred in Nottingham, England, where a university student greeting passers-by in the town square beat President Theodore Roosevelt's world record of 8,513 consecutive handshakes (at a Washington reception in 1907) by pressing 9,001 British palms.

A vital factor in the development of international good will on the playing field is the ability to take a licking in good grace. In this case, we are confident that the late T.R. would have hailed his own defeat with a hearty "Bully!"

Open Door to Open Tennis

THAT sense-making day when the world's best tennis players may meet officially regardless of their means of livelihood is still not here, but it is drawing closer. "Lawn tennis officials," as Britain's Manchester Guardian put it, "are beginning to admit that a crisis is upon them."

The most recent admissions of the critical need for a sensible solution to the outdated and artificial amateur-professional problem came from the two most influential tennis organizations in Britain: the All-England Tennis Club and the British Lawn Tennis Association, respectively the host and the sponsor of Britain's annual Wimbledon championships.

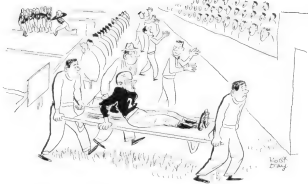
Neither admission was much more than a formal recognition of the "desirability" of open-tennis tournaments, a recognition previously attempted by Sweden and France at a meeting of the International Federation last summer. But if Britain's step forward was both dainty and diffident, it was at least a step. With

They Said It

BOB SCHWARTZWALDER, Syracuse football coach, before his team executed Colgate 71-0: "If I ever get so greedy that I'm not satisfied to win by one point, then I'll know there's something wrong with me."

ROBERT ROUSE of New York City, durable, stubborn boss of parks, bridges, tunnels, slum clearance, etc., and a moor and shaker in general: "The most I can possibly expect is to be remembered for a very short time as the Archie Moore of public works."

SID GRANTLEY ADAMS, Prime Minister of the West Indies Federation, looking down a long nose: "There would be fewer revolutions in the Latin American countries if the people were taught to play cricket."



"Not a Hand for Emerson!"

U.S. support already tentatively if tacitly hinted at by the USLTA's President Vic Denny, with Sweden, France and Britain on the record as in favor, open tennis might conceivably become a reality as early as next July when the International Federation meets again.

Hands Across the Hors d'Oeuvres

EVER SINCE the days of Charles Dickens it has been taken for granted that homing British travelers would let fly with a critical blast about life in the United States, but members of the British Ryder Cup team have given a new note to their comments. Called upon to explain in the British press why they were beaten 3½-1½ at Palm Desert, Calif., ISI, Nov. 16, they said bleakly they were too well-fed, too well-treated and too well-entertained to win.

The American host for most of the Ryder Cup trip was Robert Hudson, a West Coast gooseryman (Hudson House) who has been cementing international relations through golf for years with no publicity whatever, merely from devotion to golf and good food. This time, the Ryder Cup visitors reached New York on the Queen Elizabeth one morning and began their lunch-to-tee circuit with

a press reception, a luncheon, some picture taking and a lot of golf talk, after which they were whisked by bus to the Atlantic City Country Club in time for a dinner of—what else?—roast beef. They got in a practice round next day, dinner at Hackney's Seafood Restaurant, and wound up their seashore stay with an 18-hole pro-amateur best-ball tournament played in rain and high winds followed by dinner with members at the country club; pineapple suppers,



crème brûlée, filet mignon, potatoes, broccoli, salad, cake and coffee.

Then on to Washington, D.C. in time for cocktails at the British Embassy next day, where their lack of interest in food and drink created some comment. "Most of them had soft drinks," said a guest wondering-ly. The second day in Washington was spent playing golf at—where else?—Burning Tree, followed by the annual Harvest Dinner for members

that night. Third-day food consumption in Washington began with brunch and was followed by exhibition matches at noon at the Congressional Country Club, a cocktail party with hot canapés and another dinner that night. Next day the rotund visitors checked into the Hotel Dinkler Plaza in Atlanta in time for lunch, played golf at—where else?—the Peachtree Country Club and at East Lake, were given a buffet luncheon by the Atlanta Journal (cream soup, sausage, eggs) as a warmup for a dinner by the Coca-Cola Co. The dinner menu included crabmeat ravioli, green turtle soup au sherry, sirloin steak champignons, risotto potatoes, broiled tomato, heart of palm vinaigrette, baked Alaska flambé, desilante, *vin rose* and Coca-Cola.

So it went for two weeks before the matches began. "We should fly straight to the Ryder Cup in the future," said Dave Thomas as the team took off, "and practice on the spot instead of working our way across America. It's too tiring."

Arabs at Laurel

UNTIL last week there had never been a race of purebred Arab horses in the United States, and this

(Continued)

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

was a source of profound dissatisfaction to American owners of some 10,000 of these noble animals. The most dissatisfied was Mrs. Bazy Tankersley, a young-looking, practical, Greenhousesean who operates the Al-Marrah Arabian Horse Farm outside Washington, D.C. Mrs. Tankersley felt more strongly about it than her fellow enthusiasts because she owns more Arabs—some 200 in all—than anybody outside Saudi Arabia and its environs.

Last May, Mrs. Tankersley persuaded John Schapiro, president of Maryland's Laurel Race Course, that Arabs should race again, and soon had 14 owners committed to bring their steeds to the track. Out in Rock Island, Ill., Mrs. William Hewitt, of the Deere farm equipment family, was personally working a marvelously poised and responsive Arab stallion named Ofir. A Florida businessman, Max Culpepper, was training a dark brown 7-year-old stallion named Michael, periodic winner of 100-mile endurance contests in Florida. Out in Walnut Creek, Calif. there was John Rogers, a retired oil executive who became interested in Arabian horses when he watched them race their classic four-mile distance in Arabia; he was training Ankebar, son of a celebrated Bahrein Island racing mare. On the banks of the Connecticut River in New Hampshire, a hard-working farmer named Norman Reed was training a gray stallion named Iba Lwow, pronounced "Wölfe." The reason for all this personal attention was simple. None of the horses had ever raced before, here or anywhere else.

Nor had any of the owners raced horses. True, most of them put their animals in the hands of Jack Mobberley, an experienced Virginia trainer, for final preparations, but Mobberley had never worked with Arabs before. To make sure they could go 2½ miles, the Al-Marrah Farm's veterinarian, Dr. Steven Lange, checked their respiration, heart action and temperature three times a day, early in the morning, immediately after a workout and two hours later. He accumulated a lot of valuable data on reduced variations in heartbeat and

temperature as conditioning progressed; alas, there was no previous accumulation of material to compare it all with.

As a result, Arab owners were in a fine fidget of anxiety by race day. It wasn't at all the usual horseman's fear of not winning; nobody seemed even to think about that. It was more like the tension of a parent at graduation exercises. The Arab race was run as an exhibition (no betting and no purse) before the much-heralded International (see page 56). What if it turned into a fiasco before the unsparing eyes of 32,000 Thoroughbred fans? Suppose it ended with these superb saddle horses and family pets strung out all the way around Laurel's dirt track? At 8:00 on the morning of the race the owners were sternly ordered away from the Arab barn by Trainer Mobberley: they were too nervous and were making their horses nervous.

Well, there were Arab race horses before there even were Thoroughbred horses, and if there was one thing this first Arab race demonstrated it was that Arabs know what to do when running in the same direction with a lot of other horses. Ten of them lined up in the fall sunshine, at once composed and high-spirited. They broke well from the starting gate, Iba Lwow is the lead. All were bunched most of the way in the first time around the track as the first mile was covered in 1 minute 58 seconds. Three lost some of their interest about that point. But the remaining seven were still bunched at

two miles, all within five lengths of Iba Lwow. Michael was a length behind him, and on either side of Michael were Mrs. Hewitt's two horses, an 8-year-old gelding and the tireless, untroubled Ofir. It is rare in a 2½ mile race to find the field still together in the last half mile, but seven Arabs were still in contention at that point.

A hundred yards from the finish, Ofir pulled ahead to win by a length and a half, Michael was second, and Beldarra, a 5-year-old gelding, the entry of a Seaside, Ore. breeder, a good third. The time: 5 minutes 53½ seconds. Since the world record for 2½ miles, set by Miss Grillo in 1948 at Firdisco, is 4 minutes 14½ seconds, it was plain that it will be a long time before Arabs can catch their Thoroughbred cousins. But the first Arab race was a thriller—close, clean and composed. Promptly invited to race again, most of them are getting ready for a run at Firdisco on Thanksgiving Day.

Shortstop's Error

NEW YORK CITY has 8,942,000 people, 2,282,000 trees, 786,240 buildings, 62,000 hospital beds, 35,234 elevators and escalators, 3,264 churches and synagogues, 608 theaters and 33 museums. So says *The 1959 Statistical Guide to New York City*, released last week by Mayor Wagner's Department of Commerce and Public Events. We believed all this and we were sightly impressed until we came to the page that says that New York has "three" major league baseball teams. Now we don't know what to think. Miss Cecilia Winkler, who has spent the last three years compiling the guide's statistics, explained this, sorrowfully. "There were these pages and pages of figures, all from the 1954 business census, and I simply transcribed them. Perhaps I should have put an asterisk or a 'please note,' but I didn't think of it. It's all very unfortunate." And then Miss Winkler became more cheerful. "You know," she said, "the funny thing is that I used to play shortstop when I was a schoolgirl."



Ternabout

This baby tern
Now has a beathot,
For one good tern
Deserves another.
—RICHARD ARMOUR



Illustration by Jerry Chase. Photo by Anne Chase. © 1984 by Jerry and Anne Chase. All rights reserved.

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by Jerry and Anne Chase (who were taught at the Caribe Hilton in Puerto Rico)

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CHEVROLET

RALLY ROUND THE FLAG, BOYS

It wasn't exactly the Old North Church, but lights burning bright in New York's Chrysler Building were signals last week sending hoisted and spurred Paul Revere riding off to arouse the nation. From Aqueduct to Santa Anita sounded the clarion call. From Narragansett Park to Hialeah, beleaguered faces rose from form sheets in alarm. Somebody, the word echoed through every Middlesex village and farm, is trying to abolish the \$2 bet.

The signal lights which in a sense touched off this reaction appeared in the Chrysler Building offices of the Thoroughbred Racing Associations, an organization of 44 leading race tracks. \$2 MUTUEL TICKET ON TRIAL AT FORTHCOMING TRA CONVENTION, headlined the group in a news release last week. The \$2 pari-mutuel ticket "may be destined for the National Museum of Racing," the TRA continued, explaining that an increase in the minimum wager (say, to \$5) will be discussed by the TRA at New Orleans beginning December 7. (A day that already lives in infamy, as many an angry \$2 bettor scarily observed. Quickly, before they were all in museums, we gave our own Paul Revere, at right, a real \$2 ticket, on a winner which paid \$4.50 at Aqueduct on Gold Cup day, to use as a rallying banner.)

Spencer J. Drayton, executive secretary of the TRA, explained amidst the gathering storm of indignation that abolishing the \$2 bet was "something any good businessman would have thought of as costs rose over the years. Businessmen have to consider the future." Then he gave ground a yard or two: "The TRA is only going to discuss the proposal. That doesn't mean a single track will actually raise the minimum wager."

Indeed, the word from the TRA was no sooner out than you couldn't find a race track administrator who would ever consider such a thing. Drayton attended the meeting where the \$2 issue was put on the agenda, but couldn't recall who suggested it. Out where the aroused public could

breathe down their necks the tracks were downright solicitous. "The \$2 mutuel ticket is here to stay," said Hollywood Park's Morvyn LaRoy. "Any move to do away with it would be disastrous," said Pimlico's Lou Pondfield. "Never," vowed Churchill Downs' Wathen Knebelkamp. "Unalterably opposed" was John Hanos

of the New York Racing Association.

We couldn't agree more, and we can only hope the speakers are as firm-willed as they sound as they get ready for the anniversary of Infamy Day.

Statistically, the \$2 bettors are the financiers of American racing because of their very numbers. They made two-thirds of the wagers at Hollywood Park last year, buying \$600,000 worth of \$2 stakes a day. They placed 71% of the bets at Santa Anita and 69% of the bets at Churchill Downs on that shoot-the-works occasion, Kentucky Derby Day. The worth of the little bettor is so well recognized in other countries that 30¢ lets you wager on a horse in England and Japan, 40¢ in France. The day the horse tracks of the U.S. ask customers to risk \$40 a head on an eight-race card is the day they start driving customers away; also, perhaps, the day the race track industry spots the delicate balance of legal and moral tolerance which now exists in its favor.

The TRA's own brochure about itself observes that "as racing's popularity grew so did management's responsibility to the public." Well said, gentlemen. Think of the long lines in front of your \$2 windows and remember those responsibilities in New Orleans. Incidentally, that will be to your own best interests, too. **END**



'BUT I WAS ALONE'

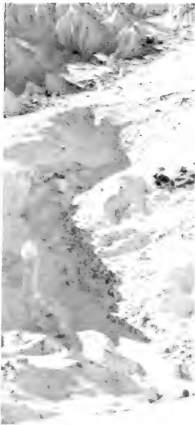
A gallant grandmother turns back after catastrophe strikes a unique Himalayan ascent

I WANTED to keep on trying for the summit so that we might make the expedition a sort of crowning memorial for Claude and Claudine," said the mountain-climbing grandmother, Countess Dorothea Gräfin, on Himalayan Mount Cho Oyu. "But I was alone." Indeed she was alone as she had those thoughts, but the indomitable countess said that the photographer caught as she reflected on the decision she had had to make will stand as a fresh testament to the spirit of an adventurous calling, heightened all the more because she is a woman.

Countess Gräfin, 51, British-born wife of an Italian, had just taken command of an expedition up 26,847-foot Mount Cho Oyu after its leader, Mme. Claude-Jeanne d'Entrecasteaux, Claudine van der Straeten-Ponthus and two Sherpa porters had perished in an avalanche at 21,000 feet. Still, Nov. 21. Their attempt to scale the sixth highest mountain in the world was a unique one: it was the first time in history that an expedition composed entirely of women—excepting guides and porters—had ever challenged such a peak. Failure was due not so much to a lack of skill as to a warm wind that loosened heavy accumulations of snow high on the ridges and sent an avalanche sweeping down on the climbers.

Reluctantly, after seeing to the reconstruction of a cairn in honor of her comrades, Countess Gräfin gave the order for the summit descent.

CONTINUED







GREY'S GROUP of women climbers and Sherpas rest on snowfield rim, and plaque left at base camp 19,200 feet up Cho Oya before turning back. The tin

plaque honors four who perished in an avalanche that swept up to Himalayan peak, lay pineades, or staves, in background are result of glacial action.

Photograph by Peter Roper



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'BEAU'

Prince's handsome gift to U. S. harness racing this year is mare Jean Riard, who trots and drives the fine trotter Jamia. Riard has captivated Americans with both his professional skill and personal charm.

Photography by Richard Wolf



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CHAMPING BARBARA OVERSHEER CAMEAL WIND UP UPSET AS JAMIN (FAR LEFT) TRAILS

TROTTING / James Murray

Exit the beau

Jamin and Jean Riaud lost their last race in America, but the two will be remembered

AS a horse race, the final leg of the \$75,000 American Trotting Classic at Hollywood Park last week was a real thriller. But as theater it proved to have a bad script.

For one thing, the fadeout had no hero. The wrong horse, in a sense, got killed. And the plot was still hanging from a cliff.

There were seven horses entered in this, supposedly the deciding heat of the final race. But only two of them got top billing: Jamin, the beautiful French standardbred whose claim had told even 5,000 miles from home; and Senator Frost, the \$4,000 bargain who grew up into the U.S.'s most valuable piece of trotting horseflesh.

Jamin, with his elegant French trainer-driver Jean Riaud, *le beau*, had become a great favorite with the California fans. He had won the first leg of the staggered-race classic on October 24 with ease when Senator Frost broke stride at a critical point in the mile run. He had finished second to the Senator in the second leg on October 31 when he failed to take advantage of the rail. For the third encounter on November 11, Jamin

drew the rail, and Senator Frost the outside position, and harness fans settled back for the race of the year. As Riaud climbed into his sulky in the paddock, his officer's boots gleaming and a gold tassel atop his black cap, the crowd shouted encouragement in high school French and fractured English.

"Arise, France!" shouted one emotional partisan.

Frost's backers retorted, "Show him, Senator!"

But in the end France fell and the Senator yielded. Little noticed before the race was a 5-year-old dawdler of the harness track, the mean, charming Barbara, who only happened to be the defending champion in this particular race, having won it in 1958. Her incumbentry impressed the crowd not at all, and they sent her away at 17 to 1. The bettors were voting heavily for the Senator (who went off at 4 to 5) and sentimentally for Jamin (5 to 2).

Drawing the rail proved the undoing of Riaud, or, more correctly, Jamin. A true mile-and-a-quarter or mile-and-a-half horse, the *Aranger* was in an unenviable position. As a distance specialist, he had to either sprint and try to steal the mile race on the front end, or b) lay back and

(continued)

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TROTTING continued

face the risk of Senator Frost crossing quickly over to the rail and on to a runaway win.

Risad elected to take the track and try to trot away from the speed at the start. He succeeded in keeping Senator Frost off the rail—and out of the winner's circle. But he also succeeded in setting up the race for the lesser horses, and at the finish it was two of them—Trader Horn and Charming Barbara—who were fighting it out.

Jamin flew out of the start for a first quarter of 29 flat, the half in 57.3 and seven furlongs in 1:43.1 (the listed world record for this rarely raced distance, set in 1925, is 1:46¹/₄). It was like starting an evening with five double Martinis. Experts knew it couldn't last.

MATHEMATICAL

One of the experts was Trader Horn's driver, Joe O'Brien. Another was Charming Barbara's trainer-driver, Billy Haughton. In the stretch Jamin had killed off Senator Frost by a simple rule of geometry: keeping the Senator from passing him had the effect of keeping the Senator parked out where he had to trot in a concentric circle around the field, a perimeter considerably longer than the inside horses'. The Senator was a lame duck before the eighth pole, and he finished sixth. But Trader Horn snagged Jamin at about the same time, and just as the finish Charming Barbara, in full trot and flying down the track, shot past both for the win.

Billy Haughton was the least surprised man at the track: "I knew we had a real chance in this one. In the first leg she lost a shoe at the three-eighths pole and went barefoot the rest of the way and still took fourth. In the second she lost four lengths on the turn and was beaten only by two and a half. In this one they were going too fast—which was making it all the better for me. I knew they had to let up somewhere." He was least worried about Jamin, he said. "I didn't think we could beat Senator Frost," he confessed. "The other horse confused me. Those foreign drivers never drive two races the same way, and I didn't know what he was up to. But whatever it was, he was up to it too fast."

The impercable Jean Risad was gallant in defeat and gracefully

accepted the blame for not winning. When Haughton phoned Charming Barbara's owner, Long Island potato grower John Froehlich, Raud picked up the mouthpiece to add his congratulations: "'Allo, 'allo. Congratulations, sir. Your mare ran a very good race, but I still a'ink, 'How did you ween?' How much did you make? \$12,000. Ben, hon. I a'ink you can give me \$6,000 of that. I deserves it."

By and large, the press gallery agreed with this Gallic evaluation. Most were still unconvinced that Jamin was not the best horse on the track, even at a mile. Even losing, he had trotted an eye-opening race. Unfortunately, the \$10,000 belated race-off—provided for in the event that three different horses win the first three legs—will not include Jamin, who must return to Europe for engagements there. Frost, who won \$11,875 (for finishing 7-1-6 in the three heats) in the complicated book-keeping of the classics, must compete alone against Charming Barbara 4-4-1 and \$16,250. Jamin (1-5-3) won \$20,000.

No devotee of the power of positive thinking, Haughton still feels his mare will lose to Senator Frost. "I doubt if I can beat that horse in a match race," he confessed.

Harness fans will have heavy hearts at the race-off, date still undecided. They will be cheering for Senator Frost or for Charming Barbara but they will be looking down the track for that third part from Gaul, the gorgeous brown with the red ear muffs and the orchid man behind him. Without them the desecurement of the 1969 American Trotting Classic will be just another buggy ride.

BACK TO EUROPE

Three days later Raud flew to Milan to show his fine horse to another audience. In the few short months he had been in the U.S., this young Frenchman (he is only 28) had taken Jamin out against our best trotters in five major races and won three. He had forced American horsemen to reconsider their long-established theories on the training of trotters, and opened a new avenue for the breeding of future champions. But most important of all, he had given a tremendous boost to harness racing's ambitions of becoming a truly international enterprise, by the example of his sportsmanship and the force of his engaging personality. We are all, therefore, in his debt.

END

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11



FROM INFELD STAND EDDIE BLIND NOTED HIS RAGGED START, IN WHICH RUSSIANS (NO. 1, INSIDE, AND 1A) BROKE BEST; SEVEN OF THE

Those international troubles

A U.S. victory in the fancy invitational at Laurel Race Course was again sadly overshadowed by accident and chaos

IT is doubtful that even our Kentucky Derby, now 85 years old, commands more universal interest than the Washington, D.C. International, a mere 8-year-old event designed to bring together the best horses of every continent to test one another over a mile and a half of Maryland grass at Laurel.

Appeal and enthusiasm alone, however, cannot create a fully acceptable classic race, and, as anyone who watched Cain Hey Stable's Bald Eagle win last week's eighth International well knows, what Laurel's admirable promotional venture needs even more than an all-star equine cast is a suitable stage on which to present a race worthy of its name

and the dreams of its entrepreneurs.

Last week's race, for example, resulted in chaos and near tragedy when horses from Venezuela and Australia collided on the clubhouse turn. The chorus of protests which understandably arose is regrettable in many ways. For International Day at Laurel is one of the delightful experiences of the whole racing year. The colorful and festive atmosphere of the occasion is unique on this side of the Atlantic. Here is an annual opportunity to meet horsemen from all over the world, some of whom believe that this race is second only in importance to England's Epsom Derby.

That, too, was the wish of Laurel's top officials, John D. Schapiro and

Joe Cascarella. They have worked longer and harder than any racing people I know to put this show across. After last year's shambles, in which a half dozen false starts sent tempers to a boiling point, Laurel spent a million dollars enlarging the turf course to a full mile. Further, they imported a barrier-type starting gate from Newmarket to insure against future post-time fiascos.

But alas, on race day it was discovered the new barrier was malfunctioning, leaving Starter Eddie Blind no recourse but to send the anxious field away from a movable tape used here only for jump races and at hunt meetings. Even after two false starts a third "good" one was still had for seven of the 12 horses. And the course is still not big enough for a big race.

The race quickly turned into a duel between Tudor Era (last year's disqualified winner), who led for the first



12 HORSES WERE VIRTUALLY ELIMINATED



BOWING JOCKEYS (above), after near tragedy, Venezuelan, Gustavo Avila, left, examining cut after being thrown when Pennsylvania horse into fence, José-Hil Camacho's Stewart Joe Flanagan left Vogel inevitably returned Pennsylvania.

part, and Bald Eagle, who under a clever ride by Manuel Yexca, took over turning for home and won easily over the French colt Midnight Sun.

The Russians again sent two horses, and this time Garnier, who was sixth in 1956, moved up to fifth and might have been in the money had he not run into traffic problems resulting from the collision between Pennsylvania and Vogel. As it was, his jockey, Nikolai Nasibov—the same comrade who spelled his name Nasimov a year ago, dismounted with a blooded nose and the furious protest that "When they race like this I do not wish to be killed."

Laurel might do better, it is suggested here, to reconsider the November 11 date for the International. It is difficult at best to attract the leading horses from America, England and France at a time when their major races have already been decided.

And if nothing can be done about a switch in dates, maybe the International—which should have a brilliant future—ought to be taken out of its inadequate setting and transplanted to a big-time course. **END**



SCENE OF MIDWINTER was on clubhouse turn when Pennsylvania, possibly trying to follow line of Laurel's old turf course, cut in (above) and hit rail. As Jockey Avila went off, the oncoming Vogel piled in (below). Russia's Garnier pulled around just in time.





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CORVAIRS: ONE COMPLETE FLIP, AND 40 TIRES CRUNKED UP SOMETHING AWFUL

**MOTOR
SPORTS** / Alfred Wright

Battle of the compacts

**A Rambler drew first blood,
but it was hard to choose
between Falcons and Corvairs**

THE FIRST meaningful argument between the new Detroit compact cars took place in an auto race outside Denver last Sunday and ended up in pretty much of a draw as far as the Ford Falcon and Chevrolet Corvair were concerned. For neither of them won the race. But a second-hand Rambler did—and very convincingly at that. Yet there were enough mitigating circumstances and genuine excuses lying around at the end of this very grueling six-hour endurance test to satisfy a whole floor full of Detroit brass hats.

To begin with, the "First International Small Car Marathon," as the Denver Sports Car Club so grandly named its race, was rather hastily organized. Sid Lapsman and Ray Lavelly, a pair of energetic Denverites who, respectively, own and manage the Continental Divide Raceways, wanted to be the first to stage a contest between the Detroit compacts.

They had to beat Sebring, which is planning a similar event before its Grand Prix race of December 12, and Daytona, whose compact race is scheduled for January. So they signed up a group of Denver's Corvair and Falcon dealers who figured they could quickly organize teams. (Of the seven Chrysler Valiant dealers in Denver, not one could dredge up more than a single specimen, so after a certain amount of hemming and hawing the Valiant was scratched.)

The field finally went to the post at 9 a.m. on Sunday. A tooth-chattering wind blew off the snow-covered Rockies onto the plain south of Denver, where the Continental Divide track

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is planted on a hillside. Twenty-three cars showed up, but obviously the main interest of the few hundred hardy spectators centered around the Corvairs and Falcons. There were five of the former and three of the latter, each strictly stock. The Corvairs were all four-door sedans equipped just as you would find them on the dealer's floor except that none of them had heaters or radios and a couple carried tachometers and specially installed instruments for keeping tabs on oil pressure and motor temperature. The Falcons were two-door sedans, two of them carrying radio and heater. All cars had two-man driving teams—every one of whom was an experienced racing driver.

The remaining 15 cars comprised a hodgepodge of domestic and foreign makes. There was the second-hand Rambler which was owned and driven by Johnny Mauro, a local car dealer who finished eighth at Indianapolis in an Alfa Romeo in 1948. He had bought the two-door sedan a few days earlier from a lady who had put only 6,000 miles on it, but all he did was tune it up a bit in his shop. The Rambler, designated as class one (3,001 cc. to 3,500 cc.) was the biggest car in the race. Class two (2,501 cc. to 3,000 cc.) contained only an imported Ford Zodiac, but Lark and Valiant would both have been in this class had they competed. Corvair and Falcon were in class three (2,001 cc. to 2,500 cc.) and the remaining smaller classes contained an assortment of Volvos, Volkswagens, Renaults, Fiats of various dimensions, a two-cycle DKW Auto Union and a little English Riley.

It was obvious within a lap or two after the green flag had signaled a Le Mans-type start that there was nothing in the race likely to bother Mauro and his light-green economy Rambler as long as they both held together for six hours. Next, as they should have, came the Corvairs and Falcons, losing ground slowly but steadily to the Rambler, but a very good match for each other. After an hour the Rambler had a 45-second lead over a Falcon, with Corvairs third and fourth, a Falcon fifth, a Volvo sixth, a Corvair seventh and a Falcon eighth.

So far the rear-engine Corvair with 66% of its weight unconventionally distributed on the rear axle was having no trouble with the raceway's tortuous and hilly turns. And this

2.8-mile track, shaped something like an unfolded paper clip, is considered by good drivers to be one of the most sporting in the country. But shortly after the first hour had passed there were serious portents for the Corvair. Within a matter of minutes, two of them blew their left-rear tires. The Corvair pit crew immediately became chary and called for frequent pit stops to keep watch on the tires. The rear ones, in particular, were just not standing up. Danny Collins, one of the top Corvair drivers, blamed much of it on the U.S. Royals they were using. "It's a much harder tire," he explained, "and it cuts up quicker on these turns. The Goodriches we used in practice are softer and held up twice as long." Midway through the race, Corvair No. 3 blew a tire and did a complete flip on one of the turns, but the remaining four finished the race intact despite the agony of these frequent pit stops.

DOOM FOR RUBBER INDUSTRY

The Falcons meanwhile hasted happily on their way but after a couple of hours they too were beginning to have more than their share of pit stops for tire changes. It began to look as if the compact car was the best thing that ever happened to the rubber industry. But as it turned out, the Falcons' trouble was simply mismanagement. No more than 100 miles was being paid much attention to anything and as no one seemed to have any clear notion of which car had good tires and which didn't, the safest thing to do was just to stop the cars now and then to find out. As it turned out, the three Falcons used only 14 tires in all, not counting the 12 on which they finished the race, and none of these used tires was in truly bad shape; but the four and a half Corvairs chewed up 40 tires something awful.

Tonoboby's surprise Mauro and his Rambler finished the six hours in the lead by more than three minutes, having covered 333 miles at a very respectable average of 55.5 miles an hour. Next, believe it or not, was a little maroon-colored Volkswagen, which streaked in a few yards ahead of Falcon No. 11 simply by observing the moral of the old fable of the tortoise and the hare. So Falcons were third, fourth and 15th, while Corvairs were sixth, seventh, 13th and 14th. Three cars (the Corvair mentioned above, a Volvo and a Renault

continued



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Dauphine) flipped during the race after blowouts, but the remaining 29 all finished without mechanical mishap or shortcoming.

Anyone would have to admit that with a little better organization and a little more knowledge of how to handle the rubber problem, all eight of the new compacts would inevitably have come in not far behind the Rambler. And you could flip a coin as to whether a Falcon or a Corvair would have led the pack—there was that little to choose between the speed and handling characteristics of the two makes.

At Daytona—the title for Walt

IT WAS SAID before the race at Daytona Sunday that the duel between Walt Hansgen and George Constantine was going to be a honey. The 135-mile, C-modified-class race for amateurs lived up to expectations. Hansgen in the balance was a national championship (51, Nov. 16), and Hansgen and Constantine went after the prize with a determination that all but overawed the 5,500 spectators present.

Constantine, driving an Aston Martin, went into the lead on the first lap. By the fourth, Hansgen in a Lister-Jaguar had wrested it from him. In the next four laps, the two swapped the lead back and forth nine times. That averages out to about once every 1.7 miles on a 3.81-mile track that is a combination oval and serpentine route.

But they were not alone. In the 10th lap Alan Connell, a 36-year-old Fort Worth rancher driving a 4.1-liter Ferrari, captured the lead. He was back in second place in the 11th. And so it went until the 39th, when the first break came, a bad one as it turned out for Constantine.

Ahead at the time, he was forced by worn tires to a pit stop. When he rejoined the leaders he was in fourth place, a position he was never able to better. Hansgen was in second place when the cars were flagged in, and so, with 68 points to Constantine's 64, he retains his championship for the third year in a row. Winner Connell's average time, 101.81 mph, set a track record.

END

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Tip from the Top

PAT DEVANT, *Grosse Ile Golf & Country Club, Mich.*

The wristwatch check

FOR SOME REASON or other, nine out of 10 women who come to me for instruction suffer from an almost epidemic misconception about the golf swing. On the backswing they close the face terribly. They take a big, overfull swing. Then, coming into the ball, they ease up and barely hit it. The men are at the other extreme. They take too short a backswing, then try to knock the cover off the ball. With both men and women, I try to get across that it is impossible to perform the correct, integrated movements on the downswing unless the golfer goes back right, and I spend a lot of time getting them to understand and feel the key motions of taking the club back.

Here there is one simple check that everyone understands instantly and profits from. In this you use your wristwatch, which is conveniently on the left wrist, as your guide. On a correct backswing, when your hands are hip-high, the face of your watch should face your instructor standing opposite you. If your watch is facing the ground at that point you know your club face is closed. Conversely, if your watch is facing toward the sky you know your club face is wide open.

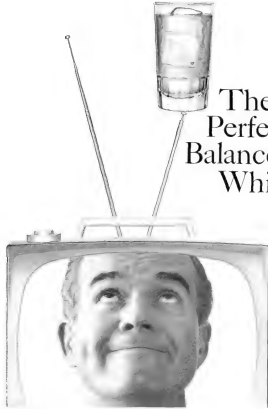
When you go out and practice, concentrate during the backswing on having your watch face an imaginary person standing opposite you. Try to be agreeably relaxed throughout your body, for it encourages your left shoulder to tie in properly with your arm's movement. If your left shoulder rotates upward properly, your right shoulder will stay down and you will have to strike the ball a descending blow—which is what you want to do.



club face open

club face closed

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A castle in the sky

At the National, Windsor not only jumped highest and best but sold for the most ever

WINDSOR CASTLE, a 7-year-old jumper bought in Canada two years ago for \$2,000, made two kinds of news at New York's National Horse Show last week. First, he won the jumping championship and in so doing made Dorothy McLeod the first woman rider to guide a jumper to the title in the 76-year history of the show. Second, he was sold for the highest price ever paid for a U.S. jumper—the equivalent of \$50,000.

Windsor's victory was not unexpected. With Miss McLeod aboard, he had won the jumping championships at the Washington and Harrisburg shows. Both the sale and the price were surprises. Harold Marano and Si Jayne of Chicago had bought

Windsor last June from Carl Miller Jr. for \$25,000—no record, but a jingling sum in a class where first usually amounts to \$30.

However, Windsor's new owner, Robert Ballard, a Canadian businessman who shows jumpers as a hobby, was not looking for an investment. Ballard offered \$40,000 plus a \$10,000 horse named Porahontas because, as he said, "I think Windsor's the best and I can afford him. After all, I drive a Cadillac, not a Volkswagen." Ballard will ride Windsor, but this does not leave Miss McLeod, a young old pro, completely unhomed—she rides most of Jayne's other entries.

The drama of the sale tended to distract attention from the show itself. Actually the show was very good in some ways—and quite bad in others. On the good side was The Lemon Drop Kid, the fine-harness horse who has dominated the open classic since 1952, but was making his first eastern appearance in the unhappy role of a just-defeated champion. A fortnight earlier Lemon had been beaten at Kansas City's American Royal by a horse named Calcutta in what surely was the year's most controversial decision. I thought Calcutta had a penitential way of going, but the judges ruled otherwise. At the Garden, Lemon won both the open and championship classes, in what probably was the best fine-harness event seen there since Vanity and Noble Kalorama clashed in the '40s.

Lemon beat Evelyn Gray, driven by Lloyd Teater, in the Championship Stake, but Teater had a satisfying victory in the Roadster Stake. He drove Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Burn's Bombight, a horse undefeated in three years of show-horse competition and the winner of \$48,000 on the track in harness races before his conversion.

The National has always been strong in hunter, jumper and international events and weak in other divisions—just the opposite of the Midwest shows. This year the National can take a small bow for strength-

ening its weaker areas, but no bow at all for its newest offering—an international pony competition. This event, perhaps the dearest ever offered at the Garden, pitted a non-uniformed crew of American youngsters riding what, by contrast, appeared to be poorly trained ponies, against a spit-dressed and drangeg-splashed pro team from England. The pony competition, if held at all, should have been held some quiet morning at the armory—not as the interminable feature of a Saturday night Garden show that lasted until 2:15 a.m. With horse shows constantly getting bigger (but not necessarily better), late nights are becoming a pattern. The Kansas City Royal also ran late, but not as late as the Garden, and the Royal had 1,227 horses entered against 471 in New York.

For those brave or inept enthusiasts willing to stay to the end, there was some reward in the National's international competition, featuring teams from the U.S., Canada, Argentina, Brazil and Mexico. This was as exciting as the ponies were dull, even though the U.S., in general, and its captain, Billy Steinkraus, in particular, won almost everything in sight. Canada took the tough Prize of Nations event, and Mexico retired the Good Will Challenge Trophy.

Ironically, the first two legs on the latter had been won by Mexico's tempestuous Brigadier General Humberto Mariles, who is not a member of the 1959 Mexican team. Mexico is represented instead by a team headed by Mariles' archrival, Lieut. Colonel Ruben Uribe. The general, of course, attributes this to politics and has made a strategic withdrawal to regroup. While Uribe's men ride in pursuit of blue ribbons, Mariles is readying himself for a new assault with the Olympic team as his objective. His plan is twofold and flamboyant, and if successful, should silence all aspirants for his position.

First, a national trial will be held in December to choose Mexico's Olympic team, and Mariles plans to enter six riders and 12 horses. He also plans to win. Then comes part two: an international competition in January, in Mexico, with the top European and U.S. riders competing against his team. If the Mexican team does not win 50% of the classes against the world's best riders, Mariles will withdraw his team as Olympic contenders—a contingency which, naturally, he considers highly unlikely.



THE TITLE TRIO included Rider Dorothy McLeod, Windsor, Buyer Bob Ballard.

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CHARLES GOREN / Cards

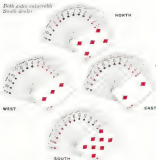
'I love mathematicians, but ...'

ALTHOUGH they are becoming scarcer, I frequently meet persons who confess they are not bridge players. I see no shame in such a confession; I can even recall one or two people I met at bridge tables who might have made the same admission with more reason to apologize.

Not playing bridge requires no apology but, strangely enough, the excuse I hear most frequently simply isn't valid. "I'm no good at mathematics," people tell me. If I ever have to choose between a partner who can operate a slide rule and one who can negotiate a hook slide, I'll take the less dealer every time.

I won't say that I prefer partners who don't know how to add or subtract. But here is a case where a little knowledge of mathematics proved disastrous.

Both sides overbid
South's deal



SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
PASS	PASS	1♦	PASS
2♥	PASS	PASS	PASS

Opening lead: king of diamonds

You couldn't ask for more dramatic bidding than in this hand. Declarer's voice was heard but twice during the auction, each time in unorthodox as well as self-contradictory fashion. His pass as dealer was made with

the intention of launching a surprise attack later, though it is doubtful if he had in mind anything quite so surprising as what he finally produced. However, his pass was the means of eliciting information which should have helped him fulfill his contract—if only he had been less wedded to his mathematics.

In spite of North's opening club bid, how did South know he could make a slam in hearts? The answer is, he didn't. But South's knowledge of the odds does not make him averse to taking an occasional chance. In view of the silence of both opponents, South was willing to risk that partner's opening bid included two aces. If they were not the right ones (that is, if one of them proved to be the ace of clubs) there was, nevertheless, the chance that the opening lead might be favorable and afford him a chance to discard his diamond loser.

However, North did hold the right two aces, so South wasn't a bit disturbed that his opponents won the first trick by cashing the diamond king. West then shifted to a trump. Pressing his luck, declarer casually drew trumps—all of them, in fact—but West clung to his four spades. Consequently, when declarer got around to playing that suit, the defenders took the last two tricks.

"I could have saved a trick, of course, partner," South admitted readily. "But by pulling all the trumps, I tried to get anybody who might have four spades to discard one."

"That wasn't what I was thinking about," North said. "You could have made the hand by putting the king of clubs through and playing East for the ace."

"Double-dummy," snapped our mathematical South. "The odds favor a 3-2 division of five outstanding cards in a suit, whereas a finesse is only even money."

What South failed to take into account was the fact that West, known from the opening lead to have held the ace-king of diamonds, had failed to open the bidding, and further had failed to double an apparently blind six-heart bid. Regardless of mathematics, it was almost a certainty that East held the ace of clubs.

South should have won the second heart in dummy and led the king of clubs. East would no doubt have played the ace; in any case, South could have created two sure discards for himself and made the contract without worrying about the division of the spades.

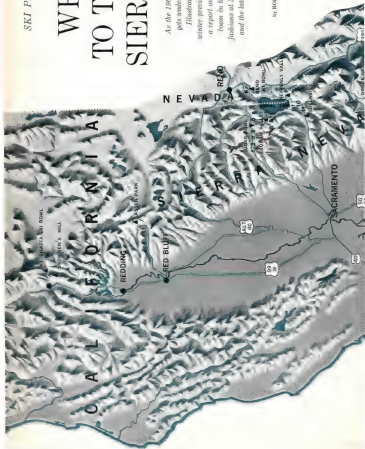
EXTRA TRICK

Odds are abstract figures; they apply to the average deal but not to the particular one in which they are disproved by a virtual certainty that they must be wrong.

WEST TO THE SIERRA

As the 1960 ski season gets under way, *Sports Illustrated* presents a winter preview, including a report on the Olympic boom in the Sierra, ski fashions at Squaw Valley and the latest equipment

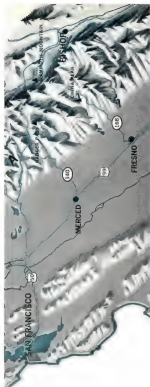
by ROBERT WERNICK



SKIERS GUIDE TO THE SIERRA

Smaller 100-acre-ski Squaw Valley
are indicated by following numbers:

- 1 RAINBOW TASTER
- 2 PLACITA
- 3 SOUTH SPRINGS
- 4 HUNTER SKI RANCH
- 5 HILLTOP LODGE
- 6 MOUNT WARD SKI RMP
- 7 PATERSON
- 8 PORTER SPRING
- 9 GRANITE CANYON
- 10 RENO SKI RESORT
- 11 SIERRA SKI RANCH



Map by John Knox

FOR the past 15 years the center of gravity of U.S. skiing has been shifting away from the haunting, middle-aged resorts of New England to the tall mountains of the West. Towns like Aspen, Colo., until 1946 no more than ghostly mining camps, are now among the richest and most urbane of winter resorts. As for pure skiing, most well-traveled winter tourists agree that the best powder in the country is to be found at Alta, Utah (see cover, where less than four feet of cover by Thanksgiving is considered an alarmingly poor start for the season).

Now, as the winter of 1969-70 gets under way, there is strong evidence that a further and perhaps ultimate shift has taken place and that the heartland of American skiing may well be among the rugged peaks and vast baronies of California's High Sierras. Until mid-century these peaks—barely pitted by the gold seekers, the lumbermen and the highway builders—stood alone, one of the last great wildernesses in the white-dominated portion of North America. Then came the ski fever of the 1950s, clo-

mased by the award of the 1960 Olympic Winter Games to a once-forsaken Sierra meadow called Squaw Valley. Today these mountains are stuffed with Portholes and sewage systems, stretch pants and parking lots. The very map (above) bears witness to the triumph of civilization as the Poker Flats and Redfishhook Peaks of yesterday find themselves flanked by the floors of the Sugar Bowl resort's Mount Blaney—named for Walt, a stockholder. At least a score of other resorts have sprung up in the area, with a new one opening every year or so. All have certain physical similarities: rugged if rarely spectacular peaks mouthed with ponderosa pine and fir, high valley floors making long downhill runs a rarity; plenty of California sun to make good spring corn snow; and snow, tons of snow from November to July or August.

Sierra storms can last for days, even weeks, and when they rage human locomotion ceases. Most of the ski resorts are within a few miles of the Donner Pass, named for the trapped emigrant party which

turned maraud after a blizzard no worse than the usual. Not many years ago the valetudinarian passengers on a steamliner were blessed and suffered there for several days. In 1962 10 feet of snow came down on the parking lot at Squaw Valley. Placed navigating blind through the drifts decimated many cars and reaped a harvest of lawsuits.

ARTISTICALLY, these mountains saw the true birth of American skiing. Long before the first runs were in operation in New England, a power-driven endless chain on a Truckee, Calif., hillside would pull up any skier who hitched his pole to it. Generations before that, the Scandinavian-born miners and loggers of Plumas and Lassen counties were traveling on horseback—16-foot "long boards"—and holding races—straight downhill ones, because with a single braking pole it was impractical to turn. Bill Berry, the Reno divorcee correspondent of the New York Daily News who doubles as the historian of western skiing, claims

continued

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PUNTING DOWN: SHARP TURN SKIER HELIX WITH MERRY BUNDS CARRIES IN POWDER

SKIING WEST *continued*

that these races antedate any recorded competitions in Norway, which would make California the birthplace of all ski racing; and he leads pilgrimages to the grave of Snowshoe Thompson, who carried the U.S. mail from Hangtown to Genoa when all other communication failed in the 1840s.

THE oldtimers had the slopes pretty much to themselves until the mid-1930s, when the modern era began in Yosemite National Park. Don Treadder, later president of Stanford University, was then working for his father-in-law's Yosemite Park and Curry Co., which runs most of the facilities in the park. The facilities were open only in the summer, and Treadder reasoned that if they were kept open in the winter they might improve the year-round figures, even if there was very little business. He had to brave the disapproval of the orange growers, who thought it might ruin California to have the word snow associated with it, but he went ahead and chose his slopes. The ski slopes were 15 miles

from park headquarters, at Badger Pass, and to the western skiers of that epoch they looked high enough, though they have shrunk since. The necessary trails were cut under the watchful eyes of the Department of the Interior, which is said to know every tree in the park by a pet name. A double-aid arrangement known as the Queen Mary was attached to a rope to take up 20 or so skiers at a time. This has grown to three T bars, with vertical rises of between 100 and 650 feet, and a rope tow.

In the valley are accommodations for every purse: cabins, bungalows, fairly cheap rooms in the new Yosemite Lodge, fairly expensive ones in the Ahwahnee Hotel. The Ahwahnee was built for \$1.6 million in 1927, the last of the old-style hotels put up in this region for the patri-archs of San Francisco society and their families. The dining room, modeled after a Plantagenet castle, is 60-odd feet high; public rooms and recreation rooms, movie rooms and ping-pong rooms open their rich in-neruations one to the other like so many Caribbean Caverns; and, unlike those of any other ski resort in the

area, the walls are thick enough so that you do not have to share the secrets of your neighbors' bedroom and the bitterness of their après-ski conversations: "You disgraced me on the slopes today. . . . Perhaps if you'd kept your eyes on the hill instead of on that creature in her yellow stretch pants. . . . So go ahead and burn your skin, they only cost me 200 bucks. . . ."

When Yosemite, with its predominantly family-style carriage trade, became too confining to the bright young skiers of the '30s, a new resort with the West's first chair lift was opened at the Sugar Bowl, in Norden, a few miles west of the Donner Summit. The founders were country-club people from Burlingame and other centers of West Coast wealth, and to this day the place bears an upper-class cachet.

Besides the main lodge there are about 50 private houses in the valley, serviced by the lodge staff. The Bowl is several hundred yards from Highway 40 and is reached by the Magic Carpet, a grandiose aerial tramway built by Jerome Hill, of the railroad Hills, at his personal expense shortly after World War II.

THERE are two mountains at the Bowl: Lincoln, with a double chair lift rising 1,400 feet in 1½ miles, and Mount Disney, with a 1,200-foot vertical rise in ½ mile. Four or five trails sweep down from each peak, ranging from vertical-looking gullies to a long, slow beginners' run from the top of Disney. Facing northwest where the storms come from, the Sugar Bowl claims it can guarantee more snow than any of the neighboring resorts, and sometimes gets more than enough, as in the winter of 1957-58 when avalanches destroyed five of the concrete towers holding up the Mount Lincoln lift.

Financially solid, with a conservative and steady clientele and a good ski school headed by Junior Bonous, formerly an instructor at Alta, the Sugar Bowl has about reached the limits of its growth and, unlike its ambitious neighbors, has no vast expansion plans.

The example set by the Sugar Bowl was speedily followed, and a tight complex of ambitious new resorts has blossomed up and down the sides of U.S. Highways 49 and 50, the main highways leading out of San Francisco.

continued

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The one with a head start, of course, is Squaw Valley, 10 miles northwest of Lake Tahoe and named for the rock formations atop Squaw Peak, which in certain lights and seasons look like the face and breasts of a recumbent woman. This area was marked out as ideal ski territory by Wayne Poulsen, a Reno ski instructor, when he was doing snow surveying in the late '30s. His ambition was to build it into a quiet Alpine community, and he invited an Easterner, Alec Cushing of New York, to form a ski development corporation. Cushing's friends supplied the money. In 1949 the first lift went up, and when Joe Maillie, the Chamonix guide who is now head of the ski school, came for the first time in 1951, he was staggered by the peaceful beauty, the glorious slopes, the meadows and placid cows, the wild flowers.

It was not that way long. Cushing and Poulsen split over Cushing's desire to make the place into a St. Moritz. In the ensuing battle Poulsen was forced out of the corporation. However, he retained much of the private land in the valley. As for Cushing, the world knows of his exploits: how he talked the International Olympic Committee into putting their Winter Games for 1960 into what Avery Brundage called a hole in the mountains; and how he simultaneously hypnotized (the word again is Brundage's) the governor of California into promising to pick up the tab. The tab, as it turned out, was \$15 million, of which California has managed to carry \$7,800,000. The Federal Government chipped in \$4,400,000, and Nevada gave \$300,000. The remainder, hopefully, will come from the receipts of the Olympic Games.

Squaw Valley, meanwhile, has become typical California boom country, bulldozed, subdivided, overbuilt. Besides the Olympic structures and Cushing's Lodge, there are 269 or so private homes, motels, a shopping center—all going up on land sold by Poulsen's Squaw Valley Land & Livestock Company. The Livestock is a herd of cows that comes in the summer, but it is thought good to have companion at the Olympic parking lot on the meadow floor kills the grass they will have to go elsewhere.

Cushing's original lifts went up to the headwall below Squaw Peak—not

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PROPOSING: A NEW AND TASTY WINTER OLYMPICS EVENT

[VOL. II NO. 31]

Yes, it may be that 1960 will see Ireland's first serious bid for Winter Olympic honours which we [The Whiskey Distillers of Ireland] are prepared to share generously with our sister Loden neighbours to the south, Brazil. Heretofore neither we nor they have been notably successful in fielding ice hockey, downhill slalom, or bobbed teams and gold medal prospects continue meagre. While it seems unfair that a country with the will-to-win should be excluded from all the fun simply because of a dearth of snow we are not spoil-sports. We wouldn't dream of suggesting they eliminate the winter games on our account, only that they add an *isolee* event. And they will be glad they did. Let us call this event: The 6 to 8 Oz. Standing or Sitting Hot Drink. Not only will it afford a diverting relief from the more rigorous sports at Squaw Valley, it will be the *only participant sport*, that is to say indulgable in by one and all. Our entry, Irish Coffee, has swept all before it in the trial heats. This medley of burnished, emphatic Irish Whiskey and fragrant coffee with frothy cream atop is an overwhelming favourite already. Those of you wishing to wear our colours either at Squaw or at your own Irish Winter Olympics should hurry instantler to us here at Dublin. We shall send you a Pinet Badge [to symbolize the salubrious effect Irish Coffee has had on the dear sales curve], the recipe for Irish Coffee, and an Irish Whiskey catalogue so you will know when you go to the whiskey store. Graham, Big Sister, Team.

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SKIING WEST (continued)

an ideal skiing arrangement. The headwall at the top is both steep and challenging, but the lower stretches are long, mild slopes, known contemptuously as the "gold course." In preparation for the Olympics, however, a network of new lifts has been built on the neighboring heights—KT-22, Papoose Peak, and the saddle above Sherin Bowl—so that now Squaw Valley offers a tremendous variety of first-class runs. The crisscrossing ravines which point in all directions insure good snow almost every day of the winter. When the north slopes freeze, the south ones are soft; when the north means powder on the north. Even when the Sierra winds blow their hardest and the threat of avalanches closes Squaw and KT, Papoose is protected. Indeed, there is really bad skiing only when it rains, and then, if you don't mind getting soaked on the lower part of the lift, you will find snow on the upper slopes.

Accommodations on the valley floor have not kept pace with the lift facilities. The main lodge is designed for a small, high-class crowd and is overrun each weekend by hot-dog-munching herds. The sleeping quarters are converted barracks from a nearby air base—not designed for human comfort. The man who told Cushing he was soundproofing the rooms at great expense was not telling the truth. There are, in short, many things wrong with Squaw Valley, but the skiing is so good that its future as a resort is assured. How happy that future will be depends largely on who gets his paws on the state-built facilities when the Olympics are over. Breeding narrowly over it all will be the great turquoise-and-beans elephant, the ice rink, which will cost someone a fortune to keep ice up in the bright, hot afternoons of late winter, when the skiing is glorious on the high mountain but everything on the valley floor is pure stink.

Across Lake Tahoe from Squaw is another ambitious development—Heavenly Valley. It was named, they say, by Mark Twain, though the only celestial sounds you hear these days are those of the dice and the roulette wheels at Harrah's Club and the Wagon Wheel, two large gambling establishments just over the Nevada state line a couple of hundred yards down the road. The ski area itself lies just off the southeastern tip of the lake and at first consisted of nothing

but a hasty tow below, a chair lift up the base wall of Monument Mountain and a couple of rope tows at the head of the lift.

The base wall is for expert skiers only. In fact, it is enough to give the beginner constriction of the heart to go up the lift and look straight into the scoured, icy gully pitted with boulders and stumps. By judicious sale of real estate, however, Owner Chris Krumm and his partners have got enough money to build more lifts from the top of their first lift into Heavenly Valley proper, which forms a large and well-protected bowl.

The future plans do not lack for grandeur. A vast lodge, big enough for conventions, with 350 motel-style units and a private lift just to connect with the parking lot, will be built next door by a group of San Francisco investors. So will a parcel of private houses, part of the great Tahoe real estate boom which is expected to give this unproductive corner of the wilderness a population of 250,000 in a decade. In addition to these sweeping plans Heavenly Valley has some particular psychological advantages, of which the most notable is the proximity of the gambling palaces. These provide not only a chance to lose your money in scenes of oriental opulence, but also high-class entertainment for nominal prices and, in the case of Harrah's Club, they provide free transportation to and from San Francisco, Sacramento and Stockton.

As the ski business grows, resorts are springing up far from the regular routes over the mountains. The two newest, both among the biggest, are hundreds of miles north and south of the Highway 49-50 complex.

To the north, a small lift area on Mount Lassen has been supplemented by a brand-new giant ski bowl on Mount Shasta. It is largely the creation of Chapman Wentworth, a Dartmouth skier and industrial engineer turned small-town publisher, who discovered when he had bought his paper that nobody in the logging communities of Siskiyou County paid any tolls when the logging stopped between February and April. His efforts got the communities of Dunsmuir, Mount Shasta City and Weed together. Everybody and his sister bought shares of stock at \$18, and the county did its bit by paying a road to the bowl, which now has a double chair lift and a huge rectangular

continued

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Shasta has three principal handicaps as a ski resort. One is the distance from big cities—it is a six-hour drive from the Bay area. Another is a lack of nearby accommodations. Except for those who got one of the 20 rooms at the area's lodge, people have to drive up and down every day and go for their good times to the pleasant but limited facilities of the Black Butte Inn in Mount Shasta City or the Dunesair Hotel. A third handicap is the weather; on any winter day the mountain may be smothered in clouds.

On the other hand, the people running Shasta—Manager Joe Futch and Ski School Head Buck Martin—are young, enthusiastic and determined to give everybody a good time. The ski area itself is one enormous bowl, half a mile wide at its narrowest point; some skiers say that this vast expanse and the lack of landmarks tends to give them vertigo. Nevertheless, the bowl makes an ideal arrangement for families, where every member can watch everyone else showing off above or creeping down below.

In addition to having Klamath Indian medicine men on hand as snow makers, Mount Shasta can claim to be holy ground to no less than two California religions, the Rosicrucian (AMORC) and I AM movements. The Rosicrucians hold that the mysterious lights and bell-like sounds sometimes encountered on Shasta are indications of the continued existence of the holy city of Yaktayria, an abode of the Lemurians who survived the sinking of their continent into what is now the Pacific Ocean. The Lemurians are tall, shy, radioactive, extrasensorily perceptive and have kooblike exorcismers on their brows. Their thoughts are mostly profound, but they take an impish delight in tripping up skiers unaware.

As for I AM, its gospel was revealed to the late Guy Warren Ballard on the slopes of the mountain in August 1939 in interviews with a supernatural communicant, identified as Saint Germain and accompanied by a panther.

Far to the south a new area, potentially the biggest of all, has opened up on the slopes of Mammoth Mountain, a rugged and picturesque site about 320 miles from Los Angeles.

continued

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SKIING WEST continued

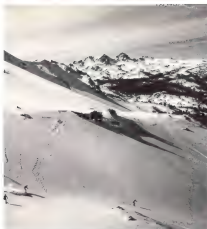
The six-hour drive is nothing to the Los Angeles skiers fleeing from the overcrowded thin-snowed peaks available to them in the south. Mammoth has enormous quantities of snow. It was reconnoitered and recognized as prime ski country by Dave McCoy, a racing champ and also hydrographer for the city of Los Angeles. His studies of snowfall led him to Mammoth, and in 1948 he installed his first rope tow there. Year by year the operation has expanded with the profits of the year before and whatever McCoy could borrow from the local bank. Besides the beginner's T bar there are two chair lifts, with a vertical rise of 1,000 feet, starting at points about a mile apart but coming together at the top. The newest chair lift starts at these terminals and rises another 1,800 feet to the 10,700-foot level.

Last year a group of rich Angelenos, headed by Lawyer Andrew J. Hurley, erected the Mammoth Mountain Inn, the most expensive structure the mountains have seen in a generation. It is a handsome, modernistic-Alpine building, with a steep-pitched roof and an artful design that man-

ages to look both luxurious and warmly ski-lodgey. It can sleep 300 people at high prices—\$5 for a dormitory bed to \$40 for a two-level corner suite with sun balcony.

The inn has been crushingly popular from the start, but it has hardly made money. Its opening season was a catalog of all the mistakes that can be made in getting a resort under way. The manager, a skier himself, filled the huge establishment with a staff of eager sportsmen, some of whom were only dimly aware of the big-business demands of a 100-room lodge. "What do you know about running a hotel?" cried one of the chambermaids to Hurley when he announced the imminent departure of the manager. "You can't even ski." Out went the manager, and a new one came in who dresses in business suits of electric blue and keeps strict books. With this firm new hand on the wheel everything should be under control for the 1950 season, including the new outdoor ice rink.

A new competitor will be going full blast by that time, at China Peak near Huntington Lake across the mountains from Mammoth, with a 5,800-foot-long chair lift and possi-



THROUGH LATE-AFTERNOON SHADOWS ON THE SLOPES OF MAMMOTTE MOUNTAIN.

bilities of great expansion when the roads to the area are improved. All over the Sierra, in fact, keen eyes are searching the remaining white wastes. For it is generally believed that the western ski boom has only begun.

It is not yet a guaranteed road to fortune. Besides the vagaries of the weather, avalanches, blocked roads and the like, there is another kind of competition. The best season for Sierra skiing is generally in the spring, when the long sunny days and the cold nights produce acres of glorious corn snow. But the California sportsman, when he sees the wild flowers blooming by the roadside, tends to get out his heat and head for the water; so that though races can be held through the Fourth of July the season is generally dead after Easter.

Another danger hangs over the heads of the operators: the increasing litigiousness of the injured skier who in the old days might get his leg crunched in a rope tow without a whimper but now has a tendency to bring suit at the crack of a bone. Insurance against personal injury claims is now the second-highest item on the operators' budget, after

labor, and the premiums grow every year. Sometimes the injured parties have a grievance, as did the couple that was left dangling on the Squaw Valley lift when the man at the controls shut it down for the night.

Despite the hazards, the prognosis for the region is continued growth. As the standard of skiing improves, as the hordes of children getting free instruction grow up to bronze-beaked skimeisters, the demand is ever for new, longer, harder slopes. In response to this demand, wider roads are being cut, more grandiose ski lodges are being built and bigger lifts strung to higher peaks. If no one resort will ever reach the class of Zermatt, the whole complex of resorts in easy reach of each other will give an unrivaled combination of the variables in skiing—sun, wind, snow, slopes, clear and timbered terrain, powder and piste. Except when nature awakens and roars out one of her old-fashioned storms, this great wilderness will have settled down to being a winter playground. **END**

TURN PAGE FOR SKI FASHIONS
PHOTOGRAPHED IN SQUAW VALLEY



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WINTER SPORT—and fashion—never looked forward to a better year. The gay crowds dotting the once-remote High Sierras (see page 74) and the heady anticipation of the Winter Olympics have inspired such top American designers as Bonnie Cashin and Arnold Scaasi to turn their talents to ski fashions. It has caused stores as far removed from a ski lift as Neiman-Marcus to put in ski departments. The country's leading manufacturer of ski clothes, White Stag, with a line twice the size of last year's, has doubled its ski business. Importers of European sweaters, pants and boots have a daily airlift flying into Idlewild. This week the first Winter Sports Show at the New York Coliseum is giving impatient skiers a chance to examine new equipment (see page 102), check the new resorts and watch a demonstration of the shortcircuiting on an indoor hill covered with ersatz snow. They are also getting a firsthand look at all of the clothes on these pages in a three-times-daily fashion show.

Here is a collection of the best they are seeing. Photographed in Squaw Valley, these clothes show, among other trends, colors completely new to the sport this year (see opposite page)—rusty browns, for instance, that are inspired by the California redwood used by many Squaw Valley home owners, and the vivid blues and greens used in the Squaw Valley Lodge. Shows, too, on the following pages, is a new group of ski-watching clothes for Olympic travelers designed especially for SPORTS ILLUSTRATED by Bonnie Cashin; "fast clothes" with the look of the hot-shot downhiller, borrowed from the racers; ingenious new designs for keeping warm while standing out of doors in zero weather; and elegant after-ski furs and glitter for a glittering season.

These pages show that skiers, who once wore nothing more inspiring than duffel coats and black from head to toe, now take honors as the best-dressed men and women in sport.

by FRED R. SMITH
and
JO AHERN ZILL

Photographs by
Christa

WINTER

The Quarterly Sporting Look Preview

Fashioned for a banner year

The cruderst skiers at Squaw Valley wear the colors of the California redwood dominating the mountain slopes behind them. Lee Baker, wearing a black nylon parka with rust-lined hood (\$16), skis with Zuck's 1000-D round-the-world transitive suits (\$275, Abercrombie & Fitch). Sophie Becker's parka comes from colors inspired by red-wood—\$220—and is worn over orange cable-knit sweater (\$25). Tony Reed wears a cable-knit nylon parka lined in white nylon with a hidden hood (\$35). Her fast helmet is of Orlov (\$2). Jubilant John Marini's parka is iridescent brown nylon (\$37), and Corolyn Carpenter's is broader pepita (\$37). All wear the new Ski-haute stretch pants (\$50, all White Stag. All at Bee Maroke, Seattle; Malle Bros., Cleveland; Joseph Horst, Pittsburgh; Mary's Son Provisions; Ski Den, Minneapolis. Men's clothes also at Bloomingdale's; women's at Lord & Taylor). Jim Licklider has an apple-patterned wool-and-silk fur pullover (\$37, Jantura; Broadstreet's, New York) and a new color: brown stretch pants (\$15, Right, Vining Sports Center, San Francisco; Yoh Co-op, New Haven).

CONTINUED





WINTER continued

The blues of Squaw Valley

Colors of buildings clackerboarding the slopes at Squaw Valley are repeated in the stripes of Betty Ross's long, belted hand-knit sweater. Made-to-measure stretch pants match (left) sweater, \$85; pants: Andri Ski Shops; Vestavia belt (Elleport).

A mohair cocoon

Songly wrapped in a unique new stadium warmth-proofer, Dolores Goss shows a Scottish basket with leather bindings, snap fasteners and drawstrings that close it at neck and ankles (left, Newer Cumbria for Philip Ball). Her boots nip at sides (left, Capote); all, Neiman-Hewson, House of Aikens.





A lady in leopard

Je Anne Brendt brings fans to the slopes with her collection of snow leopard and red fox (1975, Simon) for Ben Kohn; Jenny Cox; Nan Daskin; Roberts Brothers) and shaggy boots of ermine fiber (\$14, Ulis; Sells F/W Avenue). Sam Curry, looking absolutely, wears an Austrian jacket of shrouds wool (\$20, Beretta; Aspen Sports Shop), Hethaway Vigella shirt, Rita scarf.

CONTINUED



A picnic in the pines

Out for a musical lunch at Dr. Bernard Diamond's ski lodge are Dolores, in hand-knit pink mohair sweater (196), suede pants (196), and Sany, who watches in striped mohair sweater (195), knitlike polka-dot (170), stretch pants (196, all Bonwit Teller; Norman-Macrow; Ross Atkins. Dolores' outfit is also at Saks Fifth Avenue). Guitar-playing Jim Lightfider wears a mohair sweater (195, Glen Peck; at Copper & Copper, Goldentree).

Cashin's cachet

Bright leathers and knits (left and below) are Bonnie Cashin's cachet for the coming season. A designer long admired for her practical outdoor clothes, she has concentrated for the first time on the ski spectator in an Olympic year collection for *Sevens Illustrated*. At right is a casual tunic of costly fur; on pages 88 and 92 are two innovations in mohair calculated to set the sartorial pace for snow bunnies; an all-inclusive bench warmer and a pert jump suit.

★ *Chicote "fat-man's arm" of pine-grove bower is belted over shirt and off-ski pants by Jo Anne Brundt (\$650; plusher, Bonnie Cashin for Fantasy Fair; Jenny Co., Cincinnati; Lord & Taylor). Marcel Boucher bracelet (\$20, Lord & Taylor).*

★ *Lanching on ski deck are Instructor Lee Baker in Baracuta cardigan (\$21.50, P&M; Chicago Ski Shop; Bonaventure Ski Shop, New York), his wife Sophie in suede ensemble (\$110; Bonnie Cashin for Sills; Netuno-Mercato; Ross/Aikins).*



WINTER *continued*



For warm watching

Cover-up clothes for the spectator who spends his time sitting on snowy slope or at frozen rinkside are as essential as lightweight action dress is for the athlete he watches. Here on these pages, and elsewhere in this winter collection, are items designed specifically for extra warmth in the windy outdoors. In addition to these, the spectator should wear the new insulated long underwear, mittens or gloves with insulation and liners, new double-layer insulated socks and, most important—as those who have had wet, cold feet will tell you—water-repellent and insulated boots.



1 John Marlow and Sung River smile under matching anoraks hats (\$15, Thomas Berg, New York). John wears a hooded anorak coat (\$30, White Stag; Bloomington's), Sung a shirring tapper (\$100, White Stag; Frederick & Nelson; Lord & Taylor). Sung's boots are by U.S. Rubber.

2 Also the official timing shelter are Shas Tomlinson in hooded knit-fur parka (\$200 plus tax, André, New York) and Dolores Greer in mohair jump suit (\$140, Bonnie Cashin for Philip Sills; Neiman-Marcus). Aris glows.

3 Looking up Spinto-Pink, Ned Demme wears Downie pile coat (\$80, Zoro King; Marshall Field's); Carolyn Carpenter a polar-bear coat of Vero and Orlo (\$200.00, White Stag; Lord & Taylor). Blouses are from Abercrombie & Fitch.

4 Here Sung's floored knit-out wool pullover has knitted turtle neck that can be pulled up for a hood (\$50, Europe Craft; Frederick & Nelson; Seattle; Holt's Bros., Cleveland).

5 Wonders of hooded Norwegian knit coats are protected from any kind of weather, whether standing or sitting. Sung has a knit-herb knit (\$300), Norm McKinnon a knit knit (\$250), both plus tax, André). Foreign-made Sung carries liquid warmth in a leather-covered thermal (Abercrombie & Fitch).

6 Corduroy coat of acrylic fiber with leather boots keeps Mrs. Howard Hawks warm (\$80, Ulla; Saks Fifth Avenue).

7 This water-repellent wool "Sweater" has fur trim (\$2, The Albert; Best & Co.). French nylon anoraks have interchangeable levers in green, brown, amber (\$2.25, Brooks).

CONTINUED



Fastest look on the hill

For skiers, this is the year of the Fast Look; for ski fashions, it is a milestone. Racers and instructors like Lee Baker and Carolyn Carpenter (below) set the pace with items that hark back 25 years. Today the fashion wheel has turned full circle to bring back bamboo poles and knitted headbands, leather Alpine knickers with cartridge quilting, racers' padded, insulated leather gloves, stretch pants so slim as to be almost skintight—you can gain 10 minutes on a lift line just by wearing them.

† Fast men's parka is quilted cotton, nylon-lined (\$25, White Stag); Joseph Horne; Mary's San Francisco); new corded leather knickers are water-repellent (\$10, Jodie Imports; Aspen Leaf, Denver), as are Selva socks (\$3, P&M; Scandinavian Ski Shop, New York). P&M headband is \$1.95. Women's parka is nylon, has ribbed hood (\$20, White Stag; Joseph Horne; Lord & Taylor).



3 A warm silk liner (\$4, Brooks: Sly Harbinger, N.Y.; Pitt Lane, San Valley) slips inside leather Austrian skisuit glove with padded knuckles (\$13, Brooks) that grips striped bamboo racing pole (\$8, Sportmax).

3 The jacket that steered the fast bulk is Thermo-filled, quilted nylon mesh with elastic inserts (\$22.50, Ruffe: Ski Shop, Detroit; Viking Sports Center, San Francisco). Racing helmet of leather is Italian (\$16, P&M).

4 Austria's woad Group boot has a cork shock absorber covered by suede (\$79), is lined with wool-flocking shock absorber and elastic laces (\$2.50, both Brooks: Aspen Leaf, Denver; Sly Harbinger, New York).

5 Man's quilted nylon parka has padded sleeves, nylon insulated body, detachable hood, steel foot at throat; comes in 33 colors (\$55, Ruffe: Scandinavia Ski Shop; Sportmax, Westwood - P&M supplies).



CONTINUED

For Olympic collectors

The Olympic year has already produced ski fashions that should intrigue the collector. Shown on these two pages is a round-up from Europe and the U.S. which will be practical for both skiers and spectators. Thank Yankee ingenuity for a double-shell parka that adjusts to the temperature, and for a huge quilt-coat that covers from head to toe and hangs by a loop on the top. From Europe come hamster fur for ski parkas and velvety cotton velours, wide-wale corduroy and blankets for pullovers. Both domestic and foreign makers have contributed new sweaters in team colors.



After-ski luxury

For the cheery and relaxing hours of the evening, Squaw Valley skiers will undoubtedly follow the trend toward elegant informality that has been developing at St. Moritz and such American resorts as Vermont's Sugarbush, where skiers dine by the light of crystal chandeliers. On these two pages are skirts for women who yearn to change from ski pants after the long day, and sleek after-ski pants as slim as the new ones for the slopes.

★ *Chicki Stevens wears a silk gift shirt and silk satie skirt (PFSO, Philip Haller; J. Magnin) for a gala evening dress.*

★ *Michelle Briff relaxes happily in a lambskin jersey blouse (EIS) and velvetina party pants (PFS, Hancock Troop; Harold's, Minneapolis; Saks Fifth Avenue) in the ski lodge atmosphere of Los Angeles' Seaside restaurant. Her gold bird motifs are Caprice; gold and ruby jewelry, TVSung.*





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1 Joyer Johans wears easy March-and-white Mendot-plaid dinner shirt (\$35) with satin skirt (\$80, Mr. Ges; De Pieno, New York) and fur accessories—sash belt (\$5), braided clutch bag (\$12, both Walter Kuttus; B. Altman). Velvet shoes are from Capella.

2 A trench coat in natural sheepskin (\$1,000 plus tax, Saks) for Ben Kaka; New Douglas, Philadelphia; Roberts Bros., San Francisco) doubles as lift coat in daytime. Paisley scarf is from Glensier.

3 A short tapper to wear with pants is made of gray Tweed (from \$150, Georges Kaphis, New York; Joseph Magala, San Francisco). After-ski stretch pants are of orange woaded and nylon, have elastics to keep them taut (\$55, Ernst Engel; Saks Fifth Avenue).



Structuring for the skier

A skinner running through the tight turns and quick weight shifts used in today's powerful ski techniques brings into play a complicated set of stresses in his skis, boots and bindings. To keep the skier safe and comfortable, and to help him ski well, manufacturers come up each year with ingenious structures employing stainless steel, tough aluminums, hardened leathers and resilient plastic. The boots on this page were fashioned to deal with the problem of lateral rigidity, or the tendency of the boot to bend to the side under pressure with resultant loss of control. On the following pages are other solutions to the problems of safety and comfort, designs intended for hard use by modern skiers.

Designs by Don Moore



HIGH-TOPPED BOOT. Muzari Master, has tall steel-reinforced leather sections above ankle area to prevent lateral bending of boot. Tied tightly at top, Muzari holds foot without need of inner boot found in other top-quality designs (\$75).



HINGED BOOT. Kautinger Golden K, has metal hinge sewn into leather of outer boot at ankle. Metal prevents boot from bending sideways as leather ages and softens but allows skier to bend ankle forward as needed. Shaped like shallow cup in center section to accommodate skier's ankle, hinge of Kautinger boot must fit exactly over center of ankle bone or the metal edges will cause uncomfortable pressure (\$60).

METAL HINGE



DOUBLE SPRING of Miller toe-release binding presses curved plate against piece mounted on front of boot, holds well under normal skiing pressure but allows boot to roll or lift out of binding when sufficient force is applied to ski. Miller claims no fractures in first 6,000 sales of this model (\$8.95).

SINGLE SPRING of Snow toe release has tongue fitting into notch in front of metal plate. As ski begins to twist away, tongue gives until it snaps out of notch (above), thus freeing boot. Snow release works under moderate pressure of slow fall, is considered excellent toe release for beginners (\$12.50).



SWIVELING SPRING of Look binding pushes against flat side of post on which toe piece turns. When skier goes into fall which twists ski, spring allows binding to turn until finally pressure is strong enough to force boot to swing away from toe piece of binding (\$12.54).



FRONT THROW LEVER on Dalore Junior (above, \$8) and Karma (below, \$7.95) flip up after sudden, strong pull of boot on heel cable partially raises lever, thus easing tension on cable and allowing heel of boot to lift free.



CONTINUED



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METAL SKI. Nordlund Continental, has aluminum top and bottom, plastic sides, laminated core with air pocket at center. Continental also features Permacite plastic running surface, replaceable edges with interlocking ends, year's guarantee (\$75).



WOODEN SKI. the Are-Ski Valkyr, just starting to go on the market, has cane bottom that adds strength to conventional laminated hickory core. Though still relatively untested, Valkyr carries two-year guarantee against breakage (\$89.50).

CONTINUED

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FOR AVERAGE



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A Multiplicity of Minor Mountains

A host of sparkling new ski resorts are sprouting in the knobby midwest hills.

THE 400-or-so-foot-high knolls that dot the northern reaches of Michigan may not do much for farming in the region, but they are pretty. They are also, it is now becoming abundantly clear, nice hills to ski on. Easterners and Westerners, accustomed to the luxury of thousand-foot drops or more, might laugh at the idea. But in Michigan, skiers have a lot of fun on their little hills, and the sport is booming into big business. Over 60 ski areas have been developed so far in the upper and lower peninsula, and more are on the way.

Two new ones this year, both in the upper peninsula, are Mission Hill (see map below) and Indianhead (see story on next page). They are some distance from the heavily concentrated rope tow centers around Detroit, Milwaukee and Chicago. But mid-west skiers have shown in the past few years that they will drive half through the night if an area is attractive enough.

Mission Hill, 26 miles from Sault Ste. Marie at the eastern end of the peninsula, may prove to be just that. The larger of the two new places, its proudest feature is a chair lift, the eighth to be built in the whole state of Michigan.

The chair runs 1,360 feet up a 400-foot ridge overlooking Lake Superior, near Iroquois Point. It was here that the Ojibwa Indians once turned back the Iroquois, who came foraging from the east. Until last year the ridge was of interest mostly to arrowhead collectors. Then Dr. Hugh R. Allott of Sault Ste. Marie, a skier in his student days in the east, came along and decided it might be a good place to develop a new ski area.

He had noted that some of the

nearby rope tow areas had inclines steep enough to test the skills of the expert skier. Grades on Allott's ridge ran from about 25% to around 40%. Allott thought he saw in his ridge excellent prospects for cutting steep trails fast enough to thrill the imagination of the better skiers.

Dr. Allott got six businessmen together: Hal Smith, a Sault Ste. Marie furniture store owner; George Kayser, a contractor; Stewart Morris, a building supplier; Frank Mastella Jr., a realtor; Howard Brumman, a cocktail lounge owner; and James Schreier, a man connected with Tntee-Freeze. They formed a corporation and bought or leased most of the ridge. Out of \$400,000 capital resources, they built a lodge and a Poma double chair lift, as well as the standard rope tows for the beginner

slope and the intermediate slope.

But before they were done, Allott and company had to face up to some stiff problems with their ridge. "The hill was so steep," Hal Smith said recently, "that what cost us the money was moving the earth for beginner and intermediate trails to make them gentle enough for the people around here to handle."

Five runs go down from the top of the chair lift. The beginners' trail meanders expansively for a half mile. The expert trail, unlike many so marked in the Midwest, really is expert territory. It swoops for a quarter mile at a 33% grade.

The view from the top of the hill is magnificent. You can see Lake Superior, its many islands and the Canadian shore. Indeed, it was this view that entered into the plans of the corporation when it was formed. Mission Hill will be a year-round operation. Allott's group decided before the first bulldozer ground its way up the ridge. The chair lift will carry summer tourists to the top to view the scenery, at several times the cost per ride for skiers. The tourists

continued



MISSION area, double chair lift: (1) rises 400 feet in its 1,360-foot length, serves five trails (left to right): No. 3 trail, expert, 1,700 feet; No. 4 trail, expert, 1,650 feet; No. 2 trail, advanced, 1,340 feet; No. 2 trail, intermediate, 1,800 feet; No. 1 trail, beginner, 2,450 feet; plus intermediate rope tow area (2). Beginners' open slope (3) has 326-foot rope tow, is well separated from other part of area. Mission 1541 lodge (4) at base of area has room for 98 guests. Inside it has a fireplace, a cafeteria, skiers' lounge, a cocktail lounge and a dining room. Area also has large skating rink (5).



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shouldn't mind, though. They are only going up once.

Part of the corporation's construction package is an 80-room hotel-motel, with a fireplace in the lounge and a cafeteria downstairs. There is a cocktail lounge upstairs and a dining room that has a wine cellar.

Summer business should be good. At least a million tourists come into the "Boo" region every year to see the big locks at Sault Ste. Marie. Winter business should also be good. The area can draw on a quarter-million Canadians, who live between Sudbury, 187 miles east, and the locks. Americans driving up from the south will have to be lured past Boyne, 105 miles away, and Mississauga, Hill's closest big-time competitor. Air travel is excellent. Capital flies to Sault Ste. Marie from Detroit and Chicago.

Indianhead in Bemmer, the other big new Michigan ski development, is located at the opposite end of the upper peninsula, toward the northern part of Wisconsin and only 100 miles from the eastern border of Minnesota. It is within reasonable driving distance of Duluth (110 miles), Minneapolis (225 miles), Madison, Wis. (268 miles) and Milwaukee (303 miles).

The prime attraction at Indian-



HEAD has T-bar (1), 2,500 feet long with 600-foot rise which carries skiers to Indianhead chalet (2), a contemporary double-inverted Y lodge design with glass walls overlooking ski area. Two skiers from place and complete ski shop. Intermediate trails descend from lodge and connect with expert trails from 1,850-foot T-bar (3). Well-designed beginner's rope tow slope (4) at very bottom has gentle drop.

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head is a 600-foot deep, one of the Midwest's greatest. This, plus the fact that it can be reached fairly easily, should make Indianhead a popular resort.

When Jack English, the president of the Indianhead corporation, first decided to build a ski area, he had no idea where the spot would be. A businessman first (he is a building contractor) and a skier second, he determined to rely on the techniques that had made him successful in contracting. His first step was to pore over midwest snowfall maps. When he had located what he considered to be the most satisfactory snow belt, he drove around until he found a good hill in the region. After English located his spot, a nice hill high on the southwest shore of Lake Superior, he leased it.

CONTRROLLER COMES IN

Then he talked his neighbor, Charles Peters, a \$15,000-a-year controller for a steel forging company, into managing the place this year for "groceries and 10'."

The two of them have had two T bars erected up Indianhead's north side, one a half mile long and the other a third of a mile. The T bars have interconnecting trail systems with a couple of runs almost a mile long. The beginners' rope tow is well out of the way of the trails. It is an excellent layout, the work of Sel Hansch, the well-known trail architect, who came from Franconia, N.H. to design it.

Indianhead's shelter is located at the top of its lifts and the design is contemporary—two inverted V roofs and a glass wall at the end, overlooking the rolling backs of the Gogebic hills.

There will be accommodations for skiers in Ironwood, nine miles away, at places like St. James Hotel, Indianhead Motel, and Doug's Motel. There are 100 beds within a 12-mile radius. And the ski school has an Austrian head—Will Angerer of Innsbruck and Grey Books—teaching the short-swing technique.

Indianhead's approach to a profit is the opposite of Mission Hill's. Indianhead will keep the investment down (\$200,000) and plan a short, strong season. It is partly a gamble on snow, but the gamble looks good (average fall at Indianhead is 160 inches annually). "We'll make out a' right," says Peters. "This is a business operation."

END



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New Ski Facilities

Sports Illustrated presents a guide to the midwestern ski resorts that have added facilities this year. New trails are followed by their length/drop; new lifts by their length/rise/capacity (skiers per hour). In addition, the guide lists the person and number to call for further information during the season.

MICHIGAN

Bayne Mt. Lodge, Bayne Falls: \$250,000 spent on area; lodge with 100 beds constructed; 45 chairs added to 3 existing chair lifts; 2 trails cut, both 2,400/580. Tel. Chuck Moll, Bayne Falls 39.

Brake Mt., Iron River: 4,000-foot south slope, Loop-the-Loop, cleared; Pierre Charvin has returned after sabbatical year at Sun Valley to head ski school. Tel. Tom Angeli, Iron River 430.

Cadillac, Cadillac: Doppelmayr T bar 1,250/260/1,000 installed. Franz Gahl, a former Canadian Olympic coach, directs the ski school. Tel. Fred Rocks, Cadillac, Prospect 2-2676.

Grandison Mt., Oxford: \$13,000 Poma lift 1,000/160-1,000/160. Tel. Joe Kosick, Oxford, Federal 3-0819.

Hidden Valley, Gaylord: Double chair lift 1,280/273-850 added by Omega Ski Club; admission by membership only. Tel. Ken Fisher, Gaylord, 3991.

Holiday Hills, Traverse City: Gunter Samson new head-ski-school. Half T bar 1,000/180-800 added. Tel. Traverse City Chamber of Commerce, WI 2-3973.

Mt. Frederick, Frederic: New area; 8 1,000-foot slopes; 3 1,000-foot T bars all with 284-foot drop; 3 rope tows; two-story clubhouse has snack bar and ski shop. Tel. Al Alston, Garfield, 1-2066.

Nub's Nub, Cross Village: Delayed almost a year by weather and construction problems, area now ready to open; double chair 1,586-450/600; 3 rope tows; 8 runs; 96-room lodge. Tel. Norm Sarno, Harbor Springs 40.

Walloon Hills, Walloon Lake: Reelberg T bar 1,655/548-900 constructed. Tel. Donald Barrett, Walloon Lake, Kellogg 1-2782.

MINNESOTA

Lookout Mt., Virginia: Rope tow added to existing double chair lift; trails cut include very short expert, expert 1,000/300,

beginner 4,000/200. Tel. Don Schwartz, Virginia, Sherwood 9-1516.

Lutsen Resort, Lutsen: Recently completed Poma lift 2,440-648-960 opens two new runs 4,900/648, 2,000/500; chalet enlarged. Tel. George Nelson Jr., Lutsen, Mishawak 3-1511.

SOUTH DAKOTA

Terry Peak Ski Area, Deadwood: Chair lift redesigned; 2 new shelters built; beginners' trail 2,600/600 cut. Tel. Neil Perigoue, Deadwood Chamber of Commerce, 78.

WISCONSIN

Camp Tec, Rhineland, Tomahawk: New area, named for one of the abandoned logging camps of the 1930s; Half T bar 1,280/225-1,000; 5 1,200-to-1,800 trails; an intermediate and novice slope; base shelter has cafeteria and ski shop. Tel. John Bernatow, Rhineland, Forest 2-2029.

Gander Mt., Wilmet: Snow making equipment installed; Poma 1,156/180/600 just completed. Tel. Dan Starnheim, Wilmet, AL 1-4312.

LaCrosse, LaCrosse: Area scheduled to open December 30 with Poma 1,399/200/400. Tel. Ted Metshman, LaCrosse, 4-9633.

Mt. Telemark, Cable: Chicago American Youth Hostel built a 56-bed lodge on land donated by Owner Tony Wise; nearby Lakewood resort has added heated pool for guests. Tel. Tony Wise, Haywood, 454.

Wilmet Ski Hills, Wilmet: 2 T bars 1,000/180, 1,200, 1,000/150-1,200 added to the area. Tel. Walter Stepa, Wilmet, Underhill 2-2521.

ONTARIO

Lech Lemond Ski Area, Port Williams: A neighboring hill has new T bar 2,200/650/460 completed for beginners' slope. Tel. Bill Irwin, Port William 2-8993.

Blue Mountain Resorts, Collingwood: Poma double chair lift 3,000/220-1,600 installed on D Hill. Tel. Jane Weider, Collingwood 109 W1.

END



Skiers pause before running down open slope at Holiday Hills near Traverse City, Mich. Traverse added a 1,000-foot lift that will handle up to 800 people an hour.

19TH HOLE

The readers take over

UP AND DOWN

Slee:

I was delighted to read Stephen Birmingham's "Up, Down & Down, Down!" (8/1, Nov. 9) and be advised that skiing had been downgraded, or was Down, as the author put it. This was the best news any hard-core skier could receive. I sincerely hope all the Bagner-bottomed young things that just have to be seen will now stay home and quit clattering up the lift lines and slopes and leave skiing to the parents.

O. L. SMITH

Tonaw, Mich.

Sir:

Your article, "Up Squawk! Down Down-Left" by Stephen Birmingham shows a remarkably idiotic point of view. The man obviously shows no understanding of the situation.

WAYNE GIVENS

Harvey, N.H.

Slee:

Don't you people know that it has been, is and always will be Up to be Down? And don't you people know that it has been, is and always will be Down to be Up?

K. H. BREMER

Manhattan, Kans.

Slee:

Up-education! Up! Up! Up! How many parents have had their 11- and 13-year-old children return from the local high school football game with the following remarks: "Oh, the game! We didn't watch it. We don't understand the game. Had a wonderful time talking to the girls and boys!"

The answer lies in a physical education course that teaches rules and regulations of all sports. With knowledge of the game appreciation will always be Up!

ARNOLD A. SKOLINSKY

Miami

Slee:

If Nikki sees the November 5 issue of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*, I hope he reads Stephen Birmingham's story. He might well stop all amusement, figuring that with youngsters like these, we will beat ourselves.

MRS. W. J. GERSHMAN

Houston

Slee:

I have just finished reading the article "Up, Down & Down, Down!" by Stephen Birmingham.

I am writing to ask for a short biography of the man.

I believe that I have him pretty well covered.

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ming Up, says Stephen Birmingham, but the over-all trend is Down.—ED.

Sirs:

The girls at Smith? The girls' opinion at Smith?

How about the girls at Maryland, or Northwestern, or the girls from Texas, or the millions of other peasant girls all over the country? How about them?

They still turn out in droves for such scintillating Down sports as basketball, football, baseball and the like.

For those who get their kicks from squash, Rugby or lacrosse, let them watch those games, throw kisses or clap their hands, whichever is socially correct, to indicate approval.

But for those who want to shout, cheer, eat hot dogs and pass the bottle around, please don't come up with this Smith girl just as an indicator as to how we should spend our time and money.

As for old common me, I'm going out tonight and see a stinking basketball game. Beerwise, Beerwise and Everythingwise!

MIKE GEARY

Washington, D.C.

Sir:

Wesleyan University—and, I would imagine, Harvard and Swarthmore—feels sweet fiddles of relief to have escaped unsmothered Mr. Birmingham's staidly but Up intellect.

We are proud to be neither Up nor Down. Perhaps the Downest and Quietest sport of them all is playing edgulate. We can only be thankful that we are a bit apart from the thousands of young gingerbread men and women at such distinguished Up shops as Yale, Williams, Harvard, Vassar and Smith.

PAUL A. CABLE

Middleton, Conn.

Sir:

Perhaps Stephen Birmingham was justified in avoiding sports "too special, too up" to cloud the general picture," but as a parachutist I'd still like to know: Is a J-diving Up or Down?

WILLARD M. HAVE

Canyon, Texas

● Sky-diving is Down, skywriting is Up, says Author Birmingham.—ED.

Sir:

If the author meant his article to expose the shallow set, he succeeded very nicely. However, if it was meant to be a true representation of how sports stand today, the article failed in its purpose. I am certain that Mr. Birmingham would have attained a much truer perspective had he come to a school such as Duke or one of her type. Here our tennis players don't play tennis in order to receive invitations; they enjoy it as a sport instead. On top of that, our football players—and we have some excellent ones—are considered human beings; we support them and are proud of them. Somehow we manage to enjoy sport for sport's sake.

WARD STEVENSON
THOMAS LONER

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It's too bad you can't find our whisky at every fork in the road

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Pat on the Back



EARL THACKER

'No better life'

Comfortably astride his horse, Earl Thacker of Honolulu resembles an heroic equestrian monument to good living in the 50th state. A sea-going Californian, Thacker jumped ship at Honolulu 35 years ago and invested in a then-unpromising swamp called Waikiki. The desertion made him a millionaire, and his most profitable investments since have been in the idle-hour pleasures of horses, hunting, boats and hospitality. "There's no better life to be had anywhere," says he happily.

Years ago Thacker formed a polo team, kept the sport going through its most difficult years. When he was Commodore of the Pearl Harbor Yacht Club he taught hundreds of children to sail. But it is showing off the islands' sporting possibilities to visitors that Thacker enjoys most. From his Molokai ranch a never-ending stream of guests hunts Japanese Nara deer, wild boar and mountain sheep. "When it comes to chasing deer about," testifies his friend, Writer Robert Ruark, "he's frisky as a colt."

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